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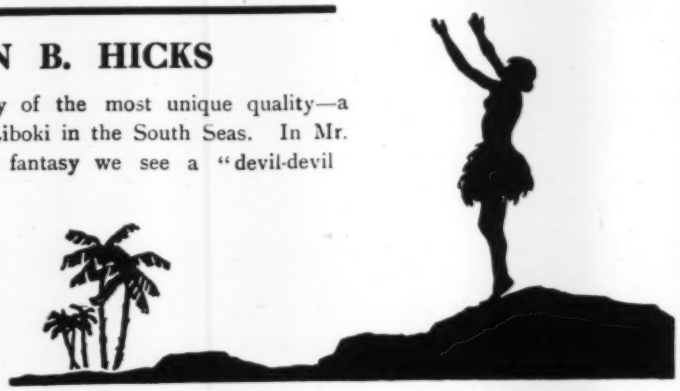

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A preliminary letter of inquiry should be sent to the Editor before any manuscript is submitted for his consideration.

News Notes.

THE BOOKMAN 250 GUINEAS FIRST NOVEL PRIZE COMPETITION.

RESULT.

The number of manuscripts received in this competition was so numerous, and so considerable a proportion of them was so much above the average in point of general merit, that the adjudicators have had no light task in arriving at a decision. After much careful reading and re-reading, the selection to come up for final consideration was reduced to six, and having carefully reconsidered these the judges are unanimous in awarding the prize of 250 guineas to Mr. Cuthbert Edward Baines, of 21, Chepstow Villas, London, W.11, for his novel, "The Black Circle." In strength and freshness of plot and in literary workmanship it is, in their judgment, unquestionably the best of the novels submitted. Mr. Baines, who in his college days took a first in Classic Mods. at Oxford and a second in Greats, has for some years past been a clerk in a Government office. He tried his hand, awhile back, on two or three short stories but none of them was published, and "The Black Circle" is not only his first novel to appear in print but the first he has ever written. It is an original and very remarkable story, and for a first novel is an altogether exceptional piece of work. There is much of promise in several of the other MSS., and special commendation is given to the following:—"Broken Bridges," by Madeline Linford; "The Postman's Knock," by Gertrude Rutherford; "A Moorland Mystery," by Harry Harding; "Richard Daventry," by Betric O'Battley; and "The Fool of Time," by Stephen Giles.

Photo by Gillman, Oxford. **Mr. Cuthbert Edward Baines,** winner of The Bookman 250 Guineas First Novel Prize.

Miss Florence Aylward sends us the following note (which, unfortunately, arrived too late for our last month's symposium on Musical Taste, in this country, and the influence of the gramophone): "I certainly think that the usual cry

that we are an unmusical nation is not borne out by facts. In the last few years I have been looking out for talent and voices among children and young people, principally in the poorer classes, and I have been astonished to find how much there is which is running to waste through sheer want of opportunity to cultivate it. No doubt the gramophone which one finds in almost every cottage has helped considerably to raise the standard of musical taste, especially among those who have very little chance of hearing good music in any other way. That the taste is there in the large majority of people, and that it only needs to be brought out, I have no doubt at all."

The centenary of Napoleon's death will be commemorated this month, and a number of new books concerning him were published towards the end of last month, or are to be published this, including "A Gift of Napoleon," edited by Sir Lees Knowles, being a sequel to "The Letters of Captain Englebert Lutyens," Orderly Officer at Longwood, St. Helena (John Lane); "Bernadotte and Napoleon," by Sir Plunket Barton (John Murray), and "Napoleon, 1769–1821," by Harold F. B. Wheeler (Harrap).

Messrs. John Long, whose name for the last sixteen years has been so inseparably linked with the novels of Nat Gould, are arranging to bring out several entirely new long novels by this phenomenally popular author at the low price of 2s. net. They will issue no less than seven during the spring and summer. The first, entitled "In the Paddock," has just been published. The volumes will each consist of 256 pages and be attractively bound. Many authors have died leaving one or two unfinished books behind them; but Nat Gould has made a new record by leaving these fully completed novels to be published posthumously.

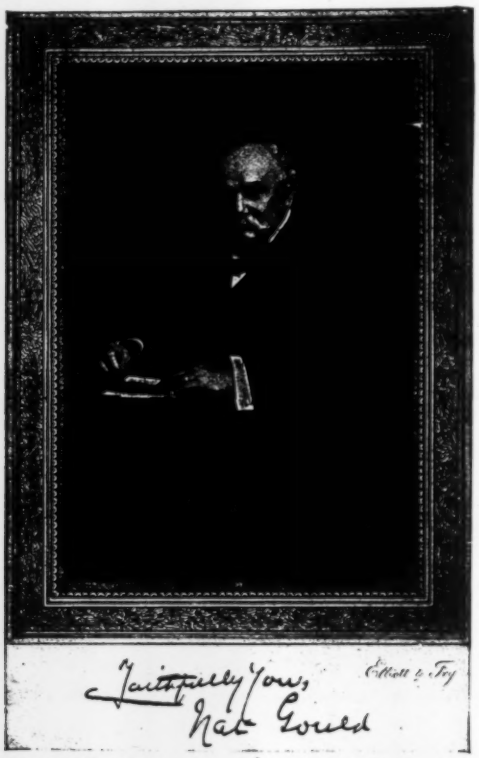


Photo by Elliott & Fry. **Mr. Nat Gould.**

Photo by Langfier. **Miss E. M. Delafield,**
whose new novel, "The Heel of Achilles" (Hutchinson), is reviewed in this Number.

"Coquette," a new novel by Frank Swinnerton, will be published shortly by Messrs. Methuen. It is a novel of London. The heroine, of the working class, is a girl of unusual character, and the book narrates her life, her passionate love, her fierce struggle against the handicap of birth and occupation.

A "Life" of John Smith Moffat, the African Missionary, by his son, Mr. Robert Hugh Moffat, will be published this month by Mr. John Murray. John Smith Moffat was a brother-in-law of Livingstone, and son of the famous missionary, Robert Moffat.

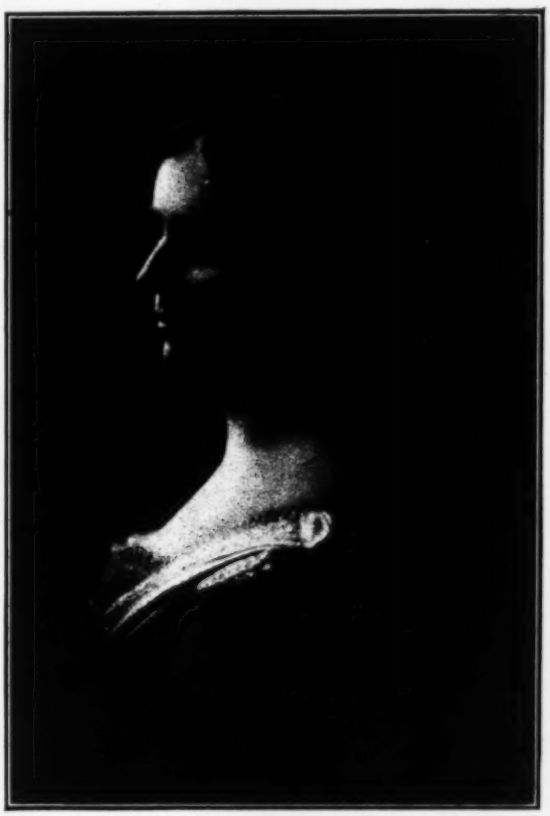
Among the new additions to Mr. Leonard Parsons' New Era series are "A New Agricultural Policy," by F. E. Green, and "The New Labour Outlook," by Robert Williams, the Transport Workers' Federation Secretary.

"Hidden Fires," a new novel by Mrs. Patrick MacGill, which Mr. Herbert Jenkins is publishing, is the story of a wife who, to maintain her invalid husband, works, without his knowledge, as a chorus girl in a musical comedy.

Interest in child-authors is not what it was; authors of twenty and upwards seem to be coming into their own again; but Daisy Ashford and Opal Whiteley, whose remarkable "Diary" Putnams published last year, are still running. There is an

article by Fred Lockley in the latest American *Bookman* on "Who is Opal Whiteley." He has visited her home and interviewed her grandmother, according to whom the autobiography in Opal's diary is more or less imaginary, and according to some of her class-mates she did not write it when she was six, but while she was a student at Oregon. On the other hand, a distinguished gentleman who had known her since she was about ten, when she addressed a public meeting, assured Mr. Lockley that he could not associate Opal with trickery or deceit. So in the end Mr. Lockley leaves us where we were before.

Messrs. John Long announce that, as the result of their £500 Prize Competition for the best first novel, they have awarded the £500 to Emmeline Morrison for the novel entered by her entitled "Good Grain." Three hundred and sixty-six MSS. were sent in. Adjudication upon these proved a heavy task and involved the services of ten readers, some of the novels passing through the hands of six or seven and a few through the entire ten. The prize-winning novel was found to be unmistakably marked out for the distinction by reason of its outstanding merit. Other of the novels call for high praise, and Messrs. John Long are hopeful of arranging for publication of some of them. The prize-winning novel is in course of rapid production for early publication.



Baroness Leonie Aminoff,
whose brilliant novel, "Torchlight" (Dent), is reviewed in this Number.

"The Defeat in the Victory," by Professor George D. Herron, which Mr. Cecil Palmer is publishing, is a study of the causes underlying the failure of the League of Nations and a passionately earnest appeal for taking the only way in which lasting peace can be assured.

Miss Emmeline Morrison,
Author of "Good Grain," the prize-winning novel in the John Long £500 Prize Competition for the best First Novel.

A memorial edition of the plays of Hubert Henry Davies, with an introduction by Hugh Walpole, is to be published by Messrs. Chatto & Windus.

"Five Famous Living Poets," by Coulson Kernahan, a series of critical essays on Rudyard Kipling, Maurice Baring, John Drinkwater, Henry Newbolt and Alfred Noyes, is announced by Mr. Thornton Butterworth.

Messrs. Heinemann are publishing a collected edition of the novels of John Galsworthy. The first two volumes, "The Man of Property" and "The Country House" (5s. each), were issued last month. They are well printed, tastefully bound, and a handy size for the pocket.

"The Facts of the Case," which Messrs. Simpkin, Marshall are publishing, is a practical handbook for writers and speakers to social, industrial and other urgent problems of the times.

"Exit Homo," by St. John Adcock, which Messrs. Selwyn & Blount will publish this month, is a poem of some length that finds occasion in the death of an old agnostic (to whom the book is dedicated) for a more or less satirical survey of present-day religion, science, art, literature, business, politics and general society, with a view to ascertaining how it was the dead man could find no trace of God in these human activities.

Sir Joseph Guiness Broodbank, who has all his life been in the service of the Port of London, and is the greatest living authority on port administration, has written a "History of the Port of London," which Mr. Daniel O'Connor will publish this month. He tells the story of the greatest port in the world with an intimate inside knowledge of its later developments. The book will be illustrated with many prints and drawings in colour and black-and-white.

Mr. Grant Watson,
whose new novel of the South Seas, "Shadow and Sunshine," Mr. Jonathan Cape has published.

"Jewels in the Dust," a new novel of Welsh life by Mrs. Edith Nepean, will be published this month by Mr. Stanley Paul.

Mr. John Lane has converted his business into a private limited company, under the style of John Lane, The Bodley Head, Limited. The business has been carried on by Mr. Lane personally for twenty-seven years. The directors of the company besides Mr. Lane, who is of course chairman, are Mr. B. W. Willett, Mr. J. H. Crocket, Mr. Hubert Carr-Gomm, and Mr. Ronald Boswell.

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.

Madame Albanesi's new novel, "The House that Jane Built" (7s.; Ward, Lock), is a capital after-the-war story. The war hit the Trentwood family badly; Roger, the only surviving son, a cripple, is brutally informed by his profiteering brother-in-law that he is, from a commercial standpoint, no good. He has broken off his engagement with a wealthy girl, feeling he could not impose his infirmities on her, and is at a loose end. But the sale of the Trentwoods' old home secures him a post and incidentally brings him in contact with Jane Mason, whose father has purchased the property, though Jane has quarrelled with her father and left home before the transaction takes place. However, Mason fails and, moved by a sense of duty, Jane comes back. The story describes Jane's battle for independence, taking advantage of the freedom the war won for women, and her capitulation.

Having proved, to his own satisfaction, in "Shakespeare Identified," that the plays and poems attributed to Shakespeare were written by Edward De Vere, Earl of Oxford, Mr. Thomas Looney now gives us a collection of the authentic and alleged "Poems" of De Vere (7s.; Cecil Palmer), seeking in a long biographical outline, and in footnotes to some of the verses, to convince any reader who is still doubtful that De Vere, and not Bacon or another, is the real Shakespeare. De Vere was a respectable minor Elizabethan lyrist, and Mr. Looney has rather spoilt his case by republishing his poems, for one has only to read and compare them with the work of the despised man of Stratford to realise the vast difference of inherent quality between the two. No man with any feeling for poetry would dream of saying that the same mind is in the writings of both. De Vere is generally studiously conventional; his verse is much more like the typical verse of the average swarm of cultured Elizabethan singers than it is like anything of Shakespeare's. He uses all the tricks of the trade, and because now and then Mr. Looney finds him employing a fancy, a phrase similar to something in one of Shakespeare's plays or sonnets, he thinks this is proof that De Vere must also have been the author of them. On the same principle one might try to establish that Lewis Morris wrote all the poetry of Tennyson. There are far more similarities between them than between De Vere and Shakespeare, and though it is true that Morris died first and Tennyson published quite a good deal afterwards, the same thing happened in the case of De Vere, but Mr. Looney argues that his Earl must have written the later plays and left them among his papers, and of course Morris might have done the same. Before one wastes space in discussing Mr. Looney's transparent sophistries one would like him to explain why De Vere produced his feeblest work under his own name, and his best (assuming it was his) under the name of Shakespeare. But the whole contention is the idlest nonsense; and now in good time comes news from America that Mr. John Maxwell, of the Indianapolis *Star*, after long and independent investigation, has written two huge volumes in which he "proves" that all the work of Shakespeare was written by that great but unpoetical statesman, Lord Burleigh. We would like to shut Mr. Maxwell, Mr. Looney and one eminent Baconian in a room together, and doom them to remain there till they had studied each other's evidence and agreed among themselves which of their poetical geese was the real Swan of Avon, if it were not that we know they would never come out again.

"Excursions in Thought," by "Imaal" (6s.; Fisher Unwin), consists of four papers, entitled respectively "What is Genius?" "The Century of Progress," "The Mother of the Arts" and "Christianity and its Critics." One turns with the greatest interest, at the moment, to "The Century of Progress," in which the author writes: "Do not dream that the laws exist only to make your property safe; the laws condemn themselves if they do not ensure the growing welfare of the poor and ignorant.

The laws that promote a growing goodwill are the only laws that will keep all things safe." Yet—"Demos must not, like the *bourgeoisie*, base his scheme of life upon the Economic Idea, but upon duty and love. He must place those upon a religious basis." "Imaal" is perhaps happiest when he is writing on the Roman Catholic Church —"radiant in her sacramental system, and fortified by her great dogmatic truths." It is in this Church that his hope for a sick and suffering world is placed. "Nothing will live on into the far future that is not kindled with love and exalted by the divine seriousness, the impassioned sincerity of pure faith." Thoughtful essays, incisively and forcibly penned.

Messrs. Maunsel have published a new edition of "A. E.'s" "Imaginations and Reveries" (10s.), to which four new essays have been added.

THE BOOKMAN GALLERY.

THOMAS MOULT.

DOES the sharp sonority of his name convey to you any image of the author of "Snow Over Elden," that delightful modern romance of Derbyshire, or of the poet of "Down Here the Hawthorne" (a volume of verse being issued by Messrs. Heinemann this month, full of an English love of the beauty of nature and the pathos of human nature)? His is the name also of the editor and chief creator of *Voices*, the little monthly magazine of the creative arts, which has run a courageous course of twenty-eight months and is now to become a quarterly. His apprenticeship to the writer's craft was served as a music critic for the *Manchester Guardian* and the *Manchester City News*, and since those early days he has contributed art and dramatic criticism to the *Athenæum*, *English Review* and other literary periodicals. Two more of his books, "A Study of Barrie" and a collection of his essays entitled "Lilies of the Field," are also just being published. He has lectured on subjects concerned with sociology as well as on art. Educated in Manchester, this Derbyshire poet has worked with the late Charles E. B. Russell, of Herod Street Lads' Club, Manchester, in Borstal and convict prison work, and with Councillor Harold Wood, of Manchester, and C. E. Heald, in boys' clubs in Manchester and in London. He is a somewhat quiescent member of the I.L.P. and a keen member of the Peasant Arts Fellowship.

If you are something of an ethnologist, "Derbyshire" may set your imagination in the direction of reality. You may be able to envisage a square-built, tweed-clad figure, whose flaxen-haired head poised uprightly shows glinting blue eyes under a cliff-like brow; but you must, unless you have met him, take my word for the winning smile proffered like an outstretched hand to new friends. If you are a poet in Carlyle's sense, a reading of "Down Here the Hawthorne" will bring you to a more intimate acquaintance with the inside of this energetic dreamer. You will discover there his passion for clean beauty (very welcome in these days of sex-analysis) and the radiant kindliness of the strong man who loves his fellows. "Snow Over Elden," his first novel, reveals the young gianthood of an artistic idealist. Or perhaps "idealistic artist" were a term more appropriate, for Thomas Moult is artist all the time when his jaw (a very hard one to meet in opposition) is fixed for "real" work.

Mr. Thomas Moult.

But if "Snow Over Elden" inclines you, as it has some critics, to the belief that Thomas Moult is merely a sentimentalist, read his tremendous sonnet on "Labour":

"He strains the dawn-stark vastness with his growth,
He towers beside the anvil steel of Time.
Bewilderment part-veils his eyes, and loth
Is he to spill the brute-largesse of prime.
Creation waits appalled upon his mood . . .
Now comes the shock of ageless visioning
Into that tense stature; and day, a flood
Of anvilled suns. Brain twinned with brawn gives wing
To each strong sweeping stroke of the gripped weight
Crashed downward in his task of gianthood.
He is a joy-smith. Seas and cities ring
With new sounds clamant far. He stands elate
Assured henceforth his mastery shall reveal
Only new laughters from the smitten steel."

Such a joy-smith, it may be said, is very far from the vision of the I.L.P. which can claim Thomas Moult as a member, ergo he is still sentimental in his idealism. Very well, let us turn from the masterful strength of these verses, muscular as Thomas Hardy's sternest poetry, turn away from the colossal image of "day, a flood of anvilled suns," turn from his assured mastery of laughter-smitten life and leave the question undecided.

Yet he can invoke the hills of the Peak to stem the oncoming horde of mankind with flails of savagery, so that tasting of their power, men shrink back :

" Where upon their warm
Safe ways of smoothness,
They feed their various lusts again."

The hills must guard their outlawry :

" Or they shall surely come, black hordes
Swarming as lice
With their obscenities and greed
Across your fastness,
Even your peaks that swing white swords,
Rent, splintered ice
Into the vastness
Of skies where fanged winds feed."

" Be pitiless " he exhorts the hills,

" Before this unquiet trail
Of man-herds drifting
Against your stone still feet."

The hardness of that is almost unhuman. And yet he can write also a moving ballad that gives a voice to the " Heart of a Seamstress " ; and " Truly He Hath a Sweet Bed," one of the finest " war-poems," is a lovely vision of the dead soldier at rest in the bosom of the brown earth, attended in turn by the sun and moon, " the stars and little winds." " They are gracious, his new kindred," sings the consoling voice, and the reader believes.

Ardent belief is the flaming heart of Thomas Moult's work. It is not the belief of the philosopher or even of the mystic. It is that of the poet who loves humanity and the beauty of the earth. The wickedness of man stings him to wrath, but never depresses him into pessimism. In " Snow Over Elden," his novel of the Peak district, he is sentimental, but with the deliberate sentimentality of the self-controlled artist who is entertaining himself as well as us with a corner of the universe looked at in a mood of fond and half-playful reminiscence. He gives rein to his desire for beauty, for tenderness. The hard hills are a neutral background. The book is indeed the first flight of youthful genius. There are in this novel verses of such exquisite fancy and artistry that the touch of conscious drama in them fills the very rôle of the Shakespearean lyric, a mixture of commentary on the action with music for music's sake. One of these poems is indeed more valuable perhaps than the rest of the novel. Jan Hyde, the romantic hero of " Snow Over Elden," walks a moorland road of Derbyshire in company of two sweet young ladies whose depths are hinted at as lightly as Rosalind's and Isabella's true characters are hinted in the opening scenes of " As You Like it " and " Measure for Measure." Kitty, the sister of Jan, is vivacious, witty, sterling-hearted ; Joan Melody, her friend, is not clever, but she is a thinker and a moralist. Her beauty is the pellucid beauty of deep pools, and her charm is in her strange reticences and her naïve humility. She is the foil for the splendid paganism of Jan Hyde. She prefers the straight road, he chooses the winding one for its incidental joys. He boasts of his free hills and moorland, of the swinging road which, baffled by the hills, " thereupon laughs loudly at its own defeat, and shakes from side to side in glee." This shout of glee echoes from end to end of the book and characterises it as a *jeu d'esprit*, for any serious attempt to confuse moral beauty with the beauty of nature would of course result in chaos, artistic and philosophical. As it is a work of joy, this book, we accept everything, and rejoice. We accept gladly the song which Jan makes and sings for his girl companions :

" Since forests first did bow to man,
Where once they reigned, now meadows span.
And where trees flourished, man's abode
Rose with blue smoke, and then a road
A-dipping,
A-skipping,
Trod smooth by lovers' tripping.
(May that road run to ruin which hath
Not been of old the lovers' path,
The lovers' path !)

" 'Twas first a straggler in the grass
And danced to meet a lad and lass,
But when the tradesman, for his gain,
Did trespass on that kissing lane,
No dancing,
Nor glancing
For the road of old romancing !
(Good roads greet man with frowns instead,
Be his tread not the lover's tread,
The lover's tread.)

' And now the path has grown full height,
Some days 'tis grey and some days white :
For still the tradesman passes by.
Still wander lads and maidens shy,
A-clinging,
Hearts singing
To hear the old road ringing.
(In truth, no road hath lived a day
That did not love the lovers' way,
The lovers' way !) "

Such is " Snow Over Elden," a book which imparts pleasure because the writer took pleasure in making it, just as Jan took pleasure in making his songs.

A little over two years ago, when I first met Thomas Moult, he was unknown except to readers of the *Manchester Guardian* and the first few readers of *Voices*. I was taking No. 2 of *Voices* to a friend who, during his career as a teacher, has written several volumes of macabre verse (mainly about buccaneers !). I wanted him to share my enthusiasm and was delighted to hear that he had a rendezvous with the editor and with two of the most fascinating early contributors of *Voices*, Louis Golding and F. V. Branford. I had not long been demobilised, and (as I have since discovered it was to other ex-service men also) *Voices* came to me as a gleam of hope in the depressing spiritual aftermath of the war. I was impressed unforgettably by the steady brightness of the editor, like that of fields on a warm spring morning, with a hard suggestion of mountainous outlines just beyond the shining good fellowship. Thomas Moult's personality is but half revealed yet in his work, but I have not revised my original impressions. Borstal prison work and boys' clubs occupy a significant place in his career. This fact, and certain poetry in " Down Here the Hawthorne," does not suggest an author who will go on writing about snow over Elden until the customary novelist's market for " selling-stuff " is built up about a sheltered bourgeois existence.

R. L. MÈGROZ.

THE READER.

CLEMENCE DANE.

By R. Ellis Roberts.

I

YOU could never mistake her work for a man's. I am not of those who believe that sex is essentially and inevitably a thing of the mind or spirit as well as of the body; but it were foolish to deny that pretty well all artists, except the greatest, exhibit as it were a sex-patriotism. The masters, as even Patmore admitted, are never "masculine": and no woman has yet shown more knowledge of or sympathy with women than did Shakespeare; but the lesser people, especially of to-day, are as apt to be masculine or feminine as they are prone to be militarist or pacificist, English or American, Irish or Prussian. The battle for the suffrage was but the beginning of a war, and most people take sides. Clemence Dane is, of all the modern women novelists, most definitely feminist. Her liking for man is so sympathetic as to be almost contemptuous: one can fancy her pleading for his retention as a pet, as we may plead for the retention of horses when machinery has made them merely decorative. Her hatred of the independent woman is so instinctive that it does not at first occur to one, when reading "Regiment of Women," that the author has never taken the trouble to prove that her hero is any less selfish than Clare, that study in complete and superb egotism. In a day when too many artists are preoccupied with the abnormal, are intent on the defence of the exceptional, Clemence Dane, with the refreshing naturalness of sanity, assumes that it is a good world, that natural love and marriage are good things, and that there is no reason why the race should not continue. What is there feminist in all this? Nothing, I admit, of the eclectic feminism of the coteries; but a wider, a more splendid and daring heresy, which has almost escaped attraction by its very simplicity. There is little in Clemence Dane's outlook, as I have stated it, which might not be true of many Victorian authors: only her proclamation in favour of normality differs in this. For her woman is the obvious superior of man; she is the head of the family, the preserver of life: man is a convenience, and it is only a fidgety woman who will worry about the differentiations of individual men. Just as the old-fashioned male author, for instance Bernard Shaw, insisted that it was absurd to exaggerate the difference between Barbara and Beatrice, so Clemence Dane will have no nonsense about the supreme excellences of James as compared with John. Either can be a father to children, and what else does one want of a man?

Photo by Boruf, Streatham. **Clemence Dane.**

That I think this philosophy as false as the one it supersedes does not prevent me from appreciating the admirable expression it has received in "First the Blade," in "Legend" and in "Regiment of Women." There are far too many people about who still think and talk of "woman" for me to resent the arrival of an author who adopts a similar attitude about "man": who thinks in rapid generalisations, and whose mordant humour should do something to touch the vanity of men and inspire with a little necessary self-conceit those millions of women who even now are busily exchanging confidences on the ways of "husbands" or "brothers," who begin their disheartened or enraged confessions with: "Well, I always say, 'A man——'." There is a passage in "First the Blade" which betrays Clemence Dane's prepossessions. It should be remembered by all who criticise her work; and I will quote it here as it will save me the trouble of reiterating, as I comment on each of her books, that her women are always individuals, observed and appreciated, while her men are always types:

> "Man generalises, woman defines.
>
> "Woman—she will nurse Tom through smallpox, flirt outrageously with Dick, and sell her soul for Harry, and enjoy doing it; but refer to them, Tom, Dick and Harry, with collective benevolence as 'humanity,' and she yawns. She is not an altruist. She does not love in the lump. She lives her seventy odd years for the sake of—how many people? There would be a question for her fellow-men!"

Anyone who can write that of the sex which, unless history deceives us, includes S. Joan of Arc, Santa Teresa, Elizabeth Fry, Frances Willard, Hannah More, and Beatrice Webb, has evidently got established

prejudices which will make her work worth studying as a symptom of the times.

II

The generalisation I have quoted probably springs, as do most generalisations, from its author's philosophising on her own temperament. "I am a woman: I hate general altruism, therefore all women hate it. Yet it goes on, so it must be supported by men." It is a common enough mode of argument, and too easily encouraged in a generation which regards dialectic with contempt. Though the process produce bad reasoning, it may also produce good emotional art: and it certainly did in "Regiment of Women." The triumph of the book, to my mind, is the episode of Louise. No one who remembers childhood will think the passion and despair of that child is in the least exaggerated: and Clemence Dane renders with disconcerting skill the contrast between the deep and poignant emotion of Louise's inner life and the rollicking, mundane, rather sticky and sentimental commonplace of the ordinary school-round. It may be objected to the book that the author is not just to Clare: nor is she. But no one but a Shakespeare could be just to her. It is the doom of such egotism as hers that only supreme genius can possibly understand it: the rest of us are repelled automatically, just as one is repelled by handling an electric eel. And as a study in repulsion, Clemence Dane's portrait of Clare is a most memorable achievement.

I have more affection for her second novel. It is badly constructed. The convention of the collaborator is so tiresome that it worries the author. Justin is allowed, in spite of all likelihood, not only to remain fourteen years old, but always to express himself as if he were still fourteen. These are flaws: but I can forgive anything to the author who has given us the magical pictures of Laura's childhood, with that heart-rending pilgrimage to the Crystal Palace, and the gay and gallant humour of Laura's young maidenhood pitting its wisdom against the owlish knowledge of the imperturbable Justin. The book, too, is remarkable in that Clemence Dane never allows us to hate Justin. We know he is an ass, a prig, selfish, unimaginative, with a sense of fun which he (and his creator at times) mistake for humour—yet one can never wholly dislike him. There is a sort of mental chubbiness about him which disarms one's hatred. The comedy in this book Clemence Dane has never surpassed. It has a freedom which she generally does not allow herself: and if there is at times a touch of farce, it is so gentle one cannot resent it. It reaches its climax in that glorious chapter in which Justin proposes to Laura. His declaration is long in coming, and the reader may remember that he begins the day's confidence in this manner:

Laura is speaking:

"Gran'papa's impossible sometimes. It's absolute pedantry. And he doesn't mind who's there. He says I slur my words! And I don't, do I? As if I could help it, anyhow."

"Adenoids, I expect," said Justin sympathetically. "You ought to have 'em seen to." and was surprised that Laura was silent for the next few minutes.

With that beginning we are led through slow movements of delicious comedy to the triumphant close. Their engagement is fact, and Laura is "talking for time": she feared the silence that had fallen upon them:

"Justin—I'll be so good to you. You'll see. I'll never get in your way. I'll learn cooking. I'll never read books till after tea. I'll do everything——" The sentence died away happily. "I must say!"—there was distinct gratification in Justin's grave voice—"it seems an excellent idea. I wonder why I never thought of it before. Mother'll be awfully bucked. She likes you, you know." He paused for Laura's gratitude. But Laura, her heart full of dreams, forgot to respond. "And I can tell you, you ought to be jolly pleased. It isn't every-one mother likes," he added impressively. "Of course I'm pleased." Laura smiled. "But I knew she did, Justin. She was always good to me. It was you—I didn't know—I never thought——" She checked herself prettily. "That's why," he continued calmly, "it seems such a good arrangement. You know, I never have liked the idea of her being alone when I'm away: only she never will have anyone but old Mary. But if I knew you were in the house, I shouldn't be uneasy. I shouldn t have to hurry back so, then." She lifted her head. For an instant her eyes had a strange, wise look in them, as if some older self, till then quiescent in her, were roused in her defence—even watching him with knowledge and foreboding of pain. The look passed into a smile, a smile at Justin verging upon unusual enthusiasm: yet though she herself did not know it, the look had been there. "Oh, it'll make a big difference, Laura, I can tell you," he was concluding. "All the difference in the world." "All the difference in the world," repeated Laura after him.

III

The talent for comedy displayed in "First the Blade" was shown even more poignantly in "Legend." It is not eighteen months since that volume was published, and it is too recently in the public memory for me to dwell here upon its outstanding qualities. It must be sufficient to notice that, different as the book is in scheme and execution from her other novels, Clemence Dane is preoccupied with the same temperamental characteristics in men and women. Anita Serle is a less passionate, more intellectual version of the egotist; Madala Gray is Laura in maturity, as her husband is a more tiresome version of Justin. "Legend," which was a big advance in technique on her earlier work, does not show its author engaged in any spiritual or imaginative adventures other than those she had undertaken before. But with "A Bill of Divorcement" we have a Clemence Dane who has added to her repertory of ideas, and has proved that her capacity for drama is as keen as her sense of the novel.

Her master is evidently Ibsen, just as her thought in the play is Ibsen's. The advanced thought of "A Bill of Divorcement" (the action of which passes in 1932) is the advanced thought of Roebuck Ramsden or Mrs. Clandon, rather than the advanced thought of 1921. The problem of divorce can be treated convincingly in the way Clemence Dane has treated it; but such treatment bears little relation to what modern men and women are thinking. The play, I should say, adequately represents the present state of opinion in Fleet Street, which Mr. Shaw forgot when he made McComas twit Mrs. Clandon with holding opinions which would only appear revolutionary in the theatre. What the new revolutionaries are discussing

is not divorce but marriage: and Clemence Dane's play reveals its hopeless old-fashionedness in her deliberate caricature of the anti-divorce position—Aunt Hester and Mr. Pumphrey are but puppets. You have only to compare Pumphrey with Pastor Manders in "Ghosts" (which was written forty years ago) to realise how purely conventional he is. As a play of ideas, then, "A Bill of Divorcement" is of little importance: but as a very touching domestic tragedy it is, to my mind, the best play we have had on the English stage since Galsworthy's "Silver Box." It is chiefly noteworthy for the character of Sydney, the daughter who takes off her mother's hands the divorced husband. She is perhaps the crown of Clemence Dane's studies in girlhood. Her sweetness, her roughness, her wisdom, her lapses into childishness are astonishingly lifelike. Then few modern plays have had more dramatic moments. No one who saw it will forget the homecoming of Hilary as he looks round the familiar, yet unaccustomed room which has remained in his memory during his sixteen years of lunacy; nor the terrible strength of the scene between him and Margaret when she yields to weakness and despair what she cannot give to passion or duty. And if Aunt Hester and the Rector are but caricatures, how admirable is Dr. Alliott the spokesman for divorce. His speech is a triumph of economical statement, and deserves the answer which a greater and less biased dramatist might have given it.

He puts excellently the plea of that old-fashioned generation which has always wanted to combine the advantages of rebellion with the satisfactions of loyalty; who are determined to disobey and to claim rewards of obedience. It is a peculiarly English point of view, and has never been better expressed in drama than in the craven, courageous figure of Margaret, the woman who can never be happy until her passion is legalised, until a sanction which has no meaning has been given to a devotion whose great virtue should be that it needs no sanction; which if it need sanction, has no excuse for existing.

A BLOODLESS REVOLUTION.*

By RICHARD WHITEING.

MR. LYTTON STRACHEY has crowned the edifice of his Victorian studies by a volume on the illustrious personage who gave the period its name. His present book is more serious than its predecessor, but it may be doubted whether it will be read with quite as much pleasure. Then he could do what he liked with his puppets. On the present occasion he seems to feel that Queen Victoria is one of those who "rule our spirits from their urns." Then he was the raconteur and the satirist on the look out for lawful prey: now he is rather the historian.

No wonder he feels the difference. We talk of the Victorian period as a something that will pass in its turn. It will never pass away from human annals. It is by far the largest experiment in all literature of a whole nation moralised in thought, feeling and way of life, by the fiat of a child not yet in her teens, with "I will be good" for her motto. She divined that "my people" hungered and thirsted for the righteousness of respectability, in the persons of a middle class rising to wealth and power. There was no time to lose, royalty was going from bad to worse. George the Third had lost the brightest jewel of his crown. George the Fourth had reverted to the family tradition of looseness of life. His successor, William, was a blustering old salt with an oath for every emergency, and well-nigh the rest of the brethren had a skeleton in the cupboard of his establishment. The prospect was appalling, especially as the best of them, the Duke of Kent, stood a long way down in the queue, while the others were getting themselves married at an alarming rate to make assurance doubly sure. We know what happened. The little girl, still writing the diary of her dolls, outstayed them all, until she stood forth

Queen Victoria in 1836.
From "Queen Victoria" (Chatto & Windus).

* "Queen Victoria." By Lytton Strachey. With Illustrations and Bibliography. 15s. net. (Chatto & Windus.)

the inevitable heir, and the delighted nation raised Hosannas to the Lord.

She won because she deserved to win. Taking it altogether, it was a conjunction of all the best elements of the time. Every one prominently engaged in it was of the hero breed. Never had a chief of the staff such a bevy of heroic workers at beck and call. One and all were thoroughly decent folk, with their bond of union in devotion to the cause. Their only differences turned on their ardours for the crusade. The infant's German mother was at the head of them, with her incessant watchfulness to keep the very knowledge of evil from her child. For a long time the pair were not separated even in their slumbers. The child had to become a monarch before she could claim a bedroom for herself. Melbourne, her first prime minister, got himself metamorphosed from an old worldling into a sage, for her sake. The Duke of Wellington, though he was no sure guide in politics, was at hand for the best he could do in that line. Peel was ready to be of use, but he had "no manners," and to the last his Sovereign could never endure his rasping way of managing his feet.

Then came the foreign contingent. Uncle Leopold at the head of them. All were touched by her need of help. And Leopold's man for all difficulties was Stockmar, who was charged to get her married when the time came. In a more intimate relation, as governess, was Madame Lehzen, who was able to shape her pupil's mind and feelings at will. Lastly there was the child herself, the most stubborn little creature, when you took her the wrong way by scolding and rough expostulations, but soft as wax in all that came from heart to heart. It is not to be said that all or any of these aids to perfection had wings; but it is true that they toiled wholly and solely for the well-being and the affection of their charge.

Her weakness was her love of flattery. In later life she took all the flummeries of Disraeli for gospel, and he owned to laying it on with a trowel. To his dying day he was her favourite minister:

> "He dubbed Victoria 'the Faery.' . . . She was the elegant evocation of Gloriana. . . . There is no honour and no reward, he declared, that can ever equal the possession of Your Majesty's kind thought. All his own thoughts and feelings and duties and affections are now concentrated in Your Majesty, and he desires nothing more for his remaining years than to serve Your Majesty, or, if that service ceases—to live still on its memory as a period of his existence most interesting and fascinating. . . . If Your Majesty is ill . . . he is sure he will himself break down. . . . He lives only for Her . . . and works only for Her, and without Her all is lost."

She swallowed it without a qualm.

John Brown was another case in point, though in a far different way:

> "She allowed him to take liberties with her," says Mr. Strachey, "which would have been unthinkable from anybody else. To bully the Queen, to order her about, to reprimand her—who could dream of venturing upon such audacities? And yet when she received such treatment from John Brown, she positively seemed to enjoy it. . . . Eventually the 'simple mountaineer' became almost a state personage. . . . Lord Beaconsfield was careful from time to time to send courteous messages to 'Mr. Brown.'"

There is something to be said in extenuation on her part. She made no secret of it, and she was probably so sensible of the gulf between them that she might well have thought there was no danger of misconstruction. To the last his statuette stood, as in defiance, upon her writing-table in solid gold. He was but a peasant after all; and what monarch of history has not sought some relief of the kind from the intolerable solitude of his aloofness? Jester or bully: it is all one: here is a fellow creature at last. Yet the same queen expected the greatest of her statesmen to stand in her presence, like housemaids waiting for a place. They were too near to her in birth, station and talents for her to run risks.

It was much the same with Edward the Seventh, though from a different cause. He had been kept in the cold shade by her firm hold on power to the last. He was educated by herself and his father in every precept of virtue, and carefully companioned by gentlemen-in-waiting who, when he yawned his weariness of bookiness, had still little more to offer for a change than an exposition of the use of the globes. He did well, for all that, for his country, whatever may have been his occasional irregularities in private life.

The almost tragic figure of the story is Albert the Good. The Queen idolised him, and with good reason, but he never won more than the respect of the English people, and at first he was long kept waiting for that. He did his duty in both fortunes as the real keeper of the conscience of his wife. He had not sought his position: it was rather the other way, but step by step he became her only adviser. If he had lived to go farther he might in all good faith have transformed her into the likeness of a Kaiser of the German type.

His work survives him: the great Bloodless Revolution is to this hour under the guidance of a moral king, who, however toilsome may have been the labours of his day, begins or ends it with the reading of a chapter of Holy Writ. The signs of a reaction in society, but not in the royal circle, are sometimes disquieting, and the prince who is to be his successor shapes well. But father and son have a heavy task before them, and a new one—to save the monarchy in an ultra-democratic age.

"TWELVE ORIGINAL SCOTCH SONGS."

(Introducing five Burns lyrics, unknown as vocal numbers to the musical world.)

By DAVIDSON COOK, F.S.A.(Scot.).

IN my "Burns and Aberdeen" article in THE BOOKMAN, March, 1920, mention was made of an interesting Collection of Scotch Songs published by an erstwhile Aberdeen professional singer and music-teacher, who had migrated to London. My friend Mr. Frank Kidson, author of "British Music Publishers," "Traditional Tunes," etc., has kindly presented to me his copy (formerly owned by Lady Georgina Gordon) of this excessively rare musical work, thus affording me ample opportunity of minutely sifting its contents·

William Wilson, whose name appears on the title page (herewith reproduced) must not be confounded—as he is apt to be owing to the common description of both as "Mr. Wilson"—with *Richard* of that ilk, a popular contemporary actor, concerning whom some particulars may be gleaned from a "Poetical Address" spoken on his Benefit Night, and published in Vol. I of *The Aberdeen Magazine*, 1788.

Mr. William Walker, the able author of "The Bards of Bon-Accord," has obligingly furnished me with some notes about William Wilson, taken from the "Minute Books of the Aberdeen Musical Society, 1747–1806." These show that he was engaged by them as a professional "singer" at their subscription concerts, session 1784–5. The first mention of his name in the Musical Society's records is in a minute dated May 20th, 1785, of his re-engagement at his "present salary," which was, for the season October to May, £40, with a benefit concert, and liberty to teach or otherwise when not required by the Society. The Society also had a professional fiddler and an organist. Financial stress about 1789 made it requisite to cut down expenditure, and the following minute was recorded:

"The meeting also recommends to the Directors to consider of reducing the salary of £40 now given to the singer, Mr. Wilson. They are sensible that he is of great use in the concerts, more perhaps for his instrumental than his vocal performances, and, besides, as he behaves with great propriety and decency it would be wrong to part with him for a trifle—but they are of the opinion that £40 is greatly too much for one in his line, and more than the funds can afford."

The "singer" declined the offer made to him, and after December, 1789, his name disappears from the records of the Society. Wilson superintended, for James Chalmers, the musical department of *The Aberdeen Magazine*, composing and adapting tunes for the songs printed with music in the first two volumes (1788–89). In this connection it is significant to note that whereas in 1788 *seven* songs set to music were published, and *eight* in 1789, the 1790 volume—evidently missing "the gentleman who superintends the musical department"—had only *three*. That coincides almost certainly with the year when Wilson went to London, for it is obvious that with his teaching engagements to terminate, his move to the capital could not have been earlier than 1790. His "Twelve Original Scottish Songs," published in London, like many similar works, has no date. In the British Museum Catalogue it is conjecturally dated "1785," but that is not only *too* early, as is shown by analytic bibliographical scrutiny of several of the songs, but *much* too early, as is evidenced by the Aberdeen Musical Society's records, plus Wilson's London address on the title page. William Chappell in "Popular Melodies of the Olden Time" (two vols. [1855]) laments the annoying lack of printed dates on the old song and music books, and then, in the very work in which he applies the critical lash to the backs of the early publishers for this fault, he actually re-enacts the same old crime, his own two volumes being dateless.

The Twelve Songs in Wilson's Book, to which for

Burns in the office of James Chalmers, printer and editor of the *Aberdeen Journal*.

From a drawing by William Smith, junr., the original of which now hangs in the editorial room of the *Aberdeen Daily Journal* and is reproduced by permission of the editor, Mr. W. Maxwell

From a photograph kindly lent by the Rev. John Murray, Rector of Annan.

convenience of comment I have attached numbers in the order of their appearance, are thus named:

1. Halloween (p. 2).
2. The Winter Night. A Cantata (p. 4).
3. I sit o' my Sunkie (p. 7).
4. Again the silent wheels of Time (p. 10).
5. Roy's Wife in Auldy Wallack (p. 13).
6. O all you Pow'rs (p. 15).
7. The Silken Snood (p. 18).
8. The Boatie rows (p. 20).
9. Busk ye, my bonny Bride (p. 22).
10. Encircled in her clasping Arms (p. 24).
11. Thainy Menzies' bonny Mary (p. 26).
12. Will ye gang o'er the Ley-rigg (p. 28).

No. 3 had already appeared in *The Aberdeen Magazine* of July 3rd, 1788, p. 412, "Set by Mr. Wilson. The Words by a Gentleman of Aberdeen." The air is the same in both cases, but in the book opens and closes with a symphony which is lacking in the magazine. The words are also identical, and the song begins:

"I sit o' my sunkie, an' spin at my wheel,
An' think on my Jamie wha loos me sae weel;
He took a white Saxpence, an' brak it in twa,
An' gae me the half o't when he gaed awa'."

I believe this is the earliest instance in song of the romantic halving of a coin between parting lovers as a love-token. The stanza quoted will be familiar to all who know the famous "Logie o' Buchan" song, beginning:

"O Logie o' Buchan, O Logie the laird,
They've taen awa Jamie that delv'd in the yard,
Wha play'd on the Pipe and the Viol sae sma,
They've taen awa Jamie, the flower o' them a'."

"I sit o' my Sunkie" is substantially the same as the other song, but minus the "Logie o' Buchan" verse, and with a different arrangement of the other stanzas. The song is by most authorities attributed to George Halket, an Aberdeenshire bard who died in 1756. G. Eyre-Todd, in his "Scottish Poetry of the Eighteenth Century" (Vol. I, p. 135), says: "Peter Buchan, who in his 'Gleanings' was *first to print the song*, states that he follows universal tradition in assigning it to Halket." The statement about the *first* printing of the song is a big blunder—one of the many which obscure its history. Buchan's "Gleanings of Scotch, English and Irish Scarce Old Ballads" is dated on the title page 1825; but "Logie o' Buchan" is in *The Scots Musical Museum*, No. 358, Vol. IV (1792), and in Napier's "Selection of Original Scots Songs," Vol. II (1792), p. 74, where we first find the accepted variation, "I sit on my *creepie*." It is also in another scarce song-book of the period—Urbani's "Selection of Scots Songs," Book II (1794), p. 40, in which also is to be found (p. 16) Burns's celebrated love-lyric, "The Red, Red Rose," from a manuscript given to the little Italian singer by the Poet, and for the *first appearance* of which in print, Burns's editors, including Scott Douglas and Henley and Henderson, erroneously cite Vol. V of *The Scots Musical Museum*, 1796.

While authorities generally ascribe "Logie o' Buchan" to Halket, the greatest authority on Aberdeenshire poets, in his "Bards of Bon-Accord" (1887, p. 208) says: ". . . the high merit of the song makes it almost an impossibility for it to have emanated from the same mind as elaborated the crudities of 'Occasional Poems'" (Aberdeen, 1737). The 1788 *Aberdeen Magazine* version of the song would seem to be its first appearance in print. In the British Museum copy of the magazine there is written (probably by a contemporary hand, and certainly, as proved by another entry, not later than 1808) under the words, "By a Gentleman of Aberdeen," the name "John Marshall." The same name is given in similar fashion as the author of song No. 11, which also appeared in the first volume of the magazine, p. 723 (mispaged 722).

The peculiar thing is that no Aberdeen poet of that name and time is known, but that there was such a bard is well proved by the Aberdeen entry in Burns's Diary of his Highland Tour, in which he speaks of his meeting, depicted in our illustration, with Chalmers, the proprietor and editor of the *Aberdeen Journal*; Bishop Skinner, son of the author of "Tullochgorum," and, amongst others, Mr. Ross, no doubt the organist of St. Paul's, and—anticipating and corroborating the unknown annotator of the magazine—"Mr. Marshall, one of the *poetoe minores*." While the song may have a traditional basis (conjectured!), it seems clear that "Logie o' Buchan," so long and with so little reason ascribed to Halket, can, though late in the day, now be definitely assigned—minus the Buchan stanza—to the minor poet, John Marshall. Fortunately Mr. Walker has been able to identify this obscure songster in a way which leaves little room for doubt. He writes:

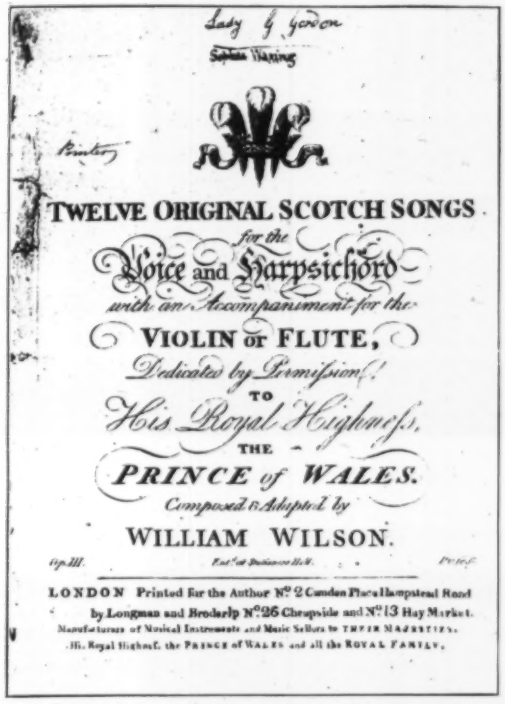
"It struck me that I might find some clue to 'John Marshall' in the yearly lists of the Musical Society's Subscribers, so I went over them very particularly, and I think with success.—John Marshall, Advocate, was a regular subscriber from 1784 to 1796. He died on 24 January, 1797. Belonging to a select coterie of this kind, his being introduced to Burns, along with Ross the organist, and other men of taste and talent in the town, seems a very likely affair. The *Journal*, in noting his death, speaks highly of his 'valuable qualities of heart and manners,' but says nothing about his being a poet. His position in Society must have been good—he was Joint Procurator Fiscal of Aberdeenshire from 1781 to 1789."

I cannot find the "Logie o' Buchan" version in any printed collection earlier than *The Scots Musical Museum* (1792 volume), but the earliest extant copy is in the famous Herd MSS., though, strange to say, the song is not to be found in either of his printed collections (1769 and 1776).

Song No. 8 had also previously appeared in *The Aberdeen Magazine*, and a MS. note, by the same hand as the others, credits it to John Ewen, which confirms the opinion of most authorities. Ewen's name is in the list of subscribers to Wilson's book, and also "Mr. Chalmers, 2 sets," one of which may have been for his friend and contributor, "Mr. Marshall."

Song No. 5 has some peculiar variations from the usual version. No. 9 is not Allan Ramsay's "Busk ye, busk ye," but a rendering more akin to the original ballad by William Hamilton of Bangour. No. 12 is a song frequently printed as by Robert Fergusson, though not, I think, included in any edition of his works. It also had been previously printed in the magazine (1789, p. 572), where it is entitled, "My Ain Kind Deary-O."

No. 7 deserves more minute consideration. It is a well-known old Scots song, beginning:



TWELVE ORIGINAL SCOTCH SONGS
for the
Voice and Harpsichord
with an Accompaniment for the
VIOLIN or FLUTE,
Dedicated by Permission
TO
His Royal Highness
THE
PRINCE of WALES.
Composed & Adapted by
WILLIAM WILSON.

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Photo by A. Eddison, Barnsley. **Facsimile Title Page.**

"O I hae lost my silken snood,
That tied my hair so yellow,
I've gien my heart to the Lad I loo'd,
He was a gallant fellow."

The author seems to have been one of Scotia's unknown "makkaris." Burns, in one of his "Commonplace Books," has a feeling reference to these unknown song-writers, and how mortifying it is to a Bard's vanity that their very names are "buried 'mongst the wreck of things which were." The fine old air wed to the words is usually entitled "Twine weel the Plaiden," but in Oswald's "Caledonian Pocket Companion," Book XII, *c.* 1760, it is called "The lassie lost her silken snood," which is obviously the title of an old song of which, like "I wish my love were in a mire," and many more, only the title remains. The song we know as "The Silken Snood" is of a much later date *in print*, though it may have had a traditional vogue and owe something to, if it does not enshrine the vitals of, the older song of the "snood." George Farquhar Graham, in Wood's "Songs of Scotland" (1848–49), Vol. I, p. 33, speaks of "Napier who *first published* the song." It is in Napier's Collection (1790, p. 26), but that is *not* its *first* publication. Whitelaw's "Book of Scottish Song" (1844, p. 333) places it farther back, with the remark: "This song cannot be traced in any of the earlier collections. It appears, however, in Johnson's Museum, Vol. I, 1787." Bibliographical exactness in regard to first and early appearances in print is useful for many reasons, one of the chief being the possibility of striking a clue to the identity of the author. In this case I have located the song in *three* collections anterior to the one cited by G. F. Graham, *two* of which are earlier than Whitelaw's 1787 instance. It appears, with the music of the tune, "Twine weel the Plaiden," in "Calliope, or the Vocal Enchantress," Edinburgh, 1788, p. 129; and in the first handbook collection printed with music in Scotland—"The Musical Miscellany" (Perth, 1786, p. 163); and still earlier, but without music, in "The Goldfinch, or New Modern Songster" (Edinburgh, 1782, p. 278), of which I have Sir John Stainer's copy. It is also in the Glasgow printed edition of "The Goldfinch" (p. 273) without date, published in 1783, but it is not in the first edition printed in Edinburgh in 1777.

We come now to the most amazing songs in Wilson's book—Nos. 1, 2, 4, 6 and 10. The words of these are all written by Robert Burns, but no Burnsian of these days ever heard of the pieces as *songs*. "Halloween" consists of stanzas iv, v, vi and x of the poem of that title (Kilmarnock Edition, 1786), set to a very good tune, evidently the composition of the Aberdeen musician. It has no resemblance to the tune called "Hallow E'en" in the second volume of the second edition of "Orpheus Caledonius," 1733, and Mr. Kidson—than whom there is no greater authority on old music—has not found it in any other collection. This "song" gives us the first internal move forward from the British Museum tentative date of 1785 assigned to Wilson's "Twelve Original Scotch Songs."

"The Winter Night" is a song manufactured from verse vi, and eight lines of vii (not consecutive) of "A Winter Night" (Edinburgh Edition, 1787) the insertion of which would seem to bring the date of the work forward from 1785 to at least 1788.

"Again the Silent Wheels of Time" is a complete poem of three stanzas, "To Miss Logan," the first line of which coincides with Wilson's title, but it has never been deemed a song, nor did Burns ever name any tune in connection with it.

"O All You Pow'rs" is another decidedly "original" Scotch Song—and a very good one too—being stanzas ix and x of Burns's "Epistle to Davie, a brother Poet," set to a charming air, presumably of Wilson's composition.

"Encircled in Her Clasping Arms" is a song fashioned with stanzas iv, v, vi, and x of "The Lament occasioned by the unfortunate issue of a friend's amour," which has been supposed, in spite of the title, to allude to the Poet's own love pangs. The song closes with the lines:

"Oh scenes in strong remembrance set;
Scenes, never, never to return;
Scenes if in stupor I forget,
Again I feel, again I burn;
From ev'ry Joy, and Pleasure torn,
Life's weary vale I'll wander thro',
And hopeless, comfortless, I'll mourn,
A faithless Woman's broken Vow."

G. F. Graham, in "Songs of Scotland," Vol. I, p. vi, says Urbani's Selection (published in six Books from 1793 to 1804) is remarkable for "the use *for the first time* of introductory and concluding symphonies to the melodies." William Wilson, of Aberdeen, preceded Urbani, for he has opening and closing symphonies to every one of his "Twelve Original Scotch Songs," the date of which is finally clinched by the fact that it was entered for copyright in Stationers' Hall on June 12th, 1792. Even Wilson, however, was not the *first* to print Scots Songs with symphonies, for Corri did so in his "National Airs" (1779), and in his "Favourite Scots Songs" (*c.* 1783).

THE BOOKMAN PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

MAY, 1921.

Answers to these competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing the name and address of the sender) should be forwarded not later than the 14th of the month to

"The Prize Page," THE BOOKMAN, Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, Ltd., Warwick Square, London, E.C.4.

Colonial and foreign readers please note that Competitions II, IV and V are the same each month, and that for the next two months the first prize will be for the best original lyric.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—*Competitors must please keep copies of their verses; the Editor cannot undertake to return them.*

I.—A PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA is offered for the best *original* lyric.

II.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best quotation from English verse applicable to any review or the name of any author or book appearing in this number of THE BOOKMAN. Preference will be given to quotations of a humorous nature.

III.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS is offered for the best exposition in not more than one hundred and fifty words of the benefits or evils of early rising.

IV.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best review, in not more than one hundred words, of any recently published book. Competitors should give the names of Authors and Publishers at head of review.

V.—A copy of THE BOOKMAN will be sent *post free* for *twelve months* to the sender of the best suggestion for THE BOOKMAN Competitions. The Editor reserves the right to use any suggestion submitted.

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS FOR APRIL.

I.—The PRIZE for the best original lyric is divided, and HALF A GUINEA each awarded to Ian Cameron, of 4, Daylesford Avenue, Putney, S.W., and Mrs. Mabel Leigh, of 34, Colehouse Court, South Kensington, S.W.5, for the following:

YOU.

The witchery of midnight deep
Is wrought of dew, and dreams, and sleep,
And clustered stars, and far, still skies—
But, oh, the witchery of your eyes!

Fate, loving beauty, made a rose
Of all sweet things he loves and knows;
He dropped it and it lived and grew—
Ah, tell me, is my fate in you?

Life seemed to me a simple way
Wherein to walk, nor, walking, stray;
But since you've crossed it who can tell
Which way it leads, to heaven, or hell?

IAN CAMERON.

THE CASTLE OF LOST HOPES.

When you climb the twisted stair
To the room with arras hung,
Nothing, no one will be there
That you knew when you were young;
In a wind unseen, unheard,
Lonely shadows bend and peer
Till your naked soul is stirred
In the woeful grip of fear.

Yonder in the ancient chair,
By the hearth-stone's sullen glow,
Sits a ghost who seems as fair
As your youth of long ago.
Like the ashes of a rose,
That in the wan of moonlight fades,
Drifting on the air he goes
In amongst the gibbering shades.

Nothing, no one will be there,
Nor is aught the thing it seems,
There's no hope that you might share
In the Castle of your dreams;
There the phantoms ever rove
With all ghostly things and vain,
Till the Shade that laughs at Love,
Shall return to love again.

MABEL LEIGH.

We also select for printing:

SPRING IN CHURCH STREET.

Across the vague, uncertain line
Of moving faces fell a sign,
A sword of beauty swung and fell;
And piercing sweet upon the sense
Inclined a fragrant imminence
Of violets with dewy smell.

I said, I love you, violets,
("*Thrippence-a-bunch, fresh violets!*")
I said, I love you, violets,
And I'll make dear amends
For all the words I should have said
And all the songs I might have made
About you, precious violets,
Because you are my friends!

Along the tense and crowded mile
Of dusty parapet, a smile
Ran swift as lightning on the hills,
And bright as armies of the sun
With pennon'd lances, one by one
Sprang up the golden daffodils.

I said, I love you, daffodils,
("*Sixpence-a-bunch, fine daffodils!*")
I said, I love you, daffodils,
And gladly I'll employ
The little magic granted me
In honouring your chivalry,
Your gallant ardour, daffodils,
Because you are my joy!

But calm above the sudden thrill
Of violet and daffodil,
Red wallflow'rs leaned with tranquil nod,
Diffusing rare and heavenly airs
As tender as forgotten prayers
That sleep upon the knees of God.

I said, And is it so we meet!
("*Shillin'-a-bunch and smellin' sweet!*")
Is beauty sold upon the street
And summer in the mart!
Now bargain for a daffodil,
Now trade in violets who will,
For by this wordless grief I know
The wallflow'rs have my heart!

(Rachael Bates, "The Orchard," Great Crosby, near Liverpool.)

We select for special commendation the lyrics by Cyril G. Taylor (Edinburgh), Ruth Hardwick (Hornsey), Kathleen Ida Noble (Forest Rise), G. Gwyn (Bruges), E. K. Wade (London, S.W.), Lucy Malleson (London, W.), Esther Raworth (Harrogate), Helen de Veer (Strasburg, Alsace), Claude Berry (London, W.), Phyllis Erica Noble (Forest Rise), Ivan Adair (Dublin), G. G. Kirkpatrick (Rock Ferry), Una Malleson (London, W.), Margaret Bardwell (Mundesley-on-Sea), Rev. Edwin C. Lansdown (Tunbridge Wells), John A. Bellchambers (Highgate), M. E. Morris (Torquay), Ethel E. Mannin (Merton Park), Mary Graham Telford (Gorleston-on-Sea), Doris Westwood (Birmingham), C. A. Macartney (Austria), F. Nightingale Sargent (Bristol), Lawrence P. Trout (Manchester), Margaret Brown (London, S.W.), Winifred Tasker (Llandudno), Ella Mackenzie (Pretoria, South Africa), G. Laurence Groom (Regent's Park), L. M. Priest (Norwich), Sadie C. Clay (Wakefield), Mariquita Gutierrez (San Sebastian, Spain), Carleton Beals (Milano, Italy), John Campbell Cunningham (London, S.W.), H. Drury (Streatham), Cecil Thomas (Quetta, India).

II.—The PRIZE for the best quotation is awarded to J. V. Woodson, of 8, Rainbow Hill Terrace, Worcester, for the following:

HUNGER. By KNUT HAMSUN. (Duckworth.)

"Give me an Alderman in chains
And I will eat him raw."

THOMAS HOOD, *Gog and Magog* (*A Guildhall Duet*).

We also select for printing:

THE HALF-HEARTED. By JOHN BUCHAN. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

"'No,' said the maiden, 'go your way;
You dare but think what a man would say.'"

W. S. GILBERT, *The Way of Wooing*.

(George A. Smith, 1, Cleveland View, Ackworth.)

THE GREAT MOMENT. By EDWIN BALMER. (Stanley Paul.)

"Mabel will be deck'd anon
Zoned in bride's apparel."

FREDERICK LOCKER-LAMPSON, *At Her Window*.

(John A. Bellchambers, 1, Clifton Villas, Highgate.)

PRIVILEGE. By MICHAEL T. H. SADLEIR. (Constable.)

"That in the captain's but a choleric word,
Which in the soldier is flat blasphemy."

SHAKESPEARE, *All's Well That Ends Well, Act II, Scene 2*.

(Ernest A. Fuller, 10, The Circus, Greenwich, S.E.10.)

III.—The PRIZE for the best quotation from English literature in praise of music is divided, and TWO BOOKS each awarded to D. B. Vaughan-Hughes, of Wyelands, Chepstow, Monmouthshire, and Winifred Herrington, of the School House, Sacombe, Ware, Herts, for the following:

"Music has been called the speech of angels; I will go further and call it the speech of God Himself."

CHARLES KINGSLEY, *Good News of God: Sermon on Music*.

D. B. VAUGHAN-HUGHES.

"Music is well said to be the speech of angels; in fact, nothing among the utterances allowed to man is felt to be so divine. It brings us near to the Infinite; we look for moments, across the cloudy elements, into the eternal Sea of Light, when song leads and inspires us."

THOMAS CARLYLE, *The Opera*.

WINIFRED HERRINGTON.

From the very large number of quotations received we select for special commendation those sent by Rev. J. E. Swallow (Wallington), A. C. Marshall (Edinburgh), May W. Harrison (Lincoln), E. Drake (Scarborough), V. M. Butterfield (Ilford), Nora A. Clements (London, N.), Jocelyn Ierne Ormsby (Gunnersbury), Rev. Edwin C. Lansdown (Tunbridge Wells), F. Webster (Walworth), Hilda Fletcher (Highgate), Evangeline A. Yorke (London, E.C.), M. A. Lotz (Wimbledon).

IV.—The PRIZE for the best review is awarded to Mannington Sayers, of Northgate, Totnes, for the following:

MY OWN AFFAIRS. By PRINCESS LOUISE OF BELGIUM. (Cassell.)

Autobiography has never before attained the vogue which it possesses to-day. It is, however, unusual to find a princess unveiling her life to the public gaze, as in this instance. Her unhappy marriage—her subsequent incarceration in an asylum—are described very fully, evoking pity for a life called to pass through such tragedy. One curious revelation of the writer's inborn belief in Roman Catholicism as being the one true Church is made when she ascribes the recent war to the Protestantism of Lutheran Germany.

We also select for printing:

INSTINCTS OF THE HERD IN PEACE AND WAR. By W. TROTTER. (Fisher Unwin.)

The author began writing on "Herd Instincts" as early as 1908, and first published his essays in book form in 1916, but he has added considerably to the volume since then. It deals with the behaviour of man in peace and war, discusses his peculiarities from a psychological point of view. England and Germany are compared, and there is a postscript written after the war, containing a rather enlightening chapter on the instability of civilisation. Careful study of this book might be useful in understanding the mental causes of the present unrest, and in remedying them.

(Mrs. S. Kirkland Vesey, Fordel, Glenfarg, Perthshire.)

THE TOUR. By LOUIS COUPERUS. (Thornton Butterworth.)

Here is no paltry story-telling but a superb piece of writing. Lucius Sabinus, a patrician, of Cæsarean Rome, is love-sick and seeks in the occultism of Egypt nepenthe for his wounded heart. Then arises a veritable panorama of the weird and wonderful in that legendary land; enthralling word-pictures of scenes and customs two thousand years ago. The fabled Nile flows on, bearing us past those dim, alluring cities of a lost civilisation. The charm of the semi-revealed mysteries captivate the reader throughout and the dominant characters picturesquely flit along the shadowed stage.

(W. Swayne Little, "Trefrew," Green Road, Blackrock, Dublin.)

THE OLD MAN'S YOUTH. By WILLIAM DE MORGAN. (Heinemann.)

On reading "The Old Man's Youth" one feels the immense pity of William de Morgan's death when he had but half finished a novel as great as, if not greater, than "Joseph Vance." The book is mainly autobiographical, and is told by Eustace John Pascoe, dying in Chelsea Infirmary. It contains all those qualities which make de Morgan's other novels unrivalled in English fiction . . . that mixture of credulous cynicism and wise simplicity. The one fault is Mrs. de Morgan's ill-advised interpolations. She supplies a melodramatic plot, obviously unintended by the author, where only a conclusion is required.

(A. R. MacPhail, Cranford, Kidbrooke Grove, Blackheath, S.E.3.)

We select for special commendation the reviews by B. Noel Saxelby (Manchester), E. Mackenzie (Pretoria, South Africa), Ruth Bevan (Cornwall), Lucy Chamberlain (Llandudno), Enid Blyton (Beckenham), F. Webster (Walworth), John S. Buist (Dundee), E. S. Horner (Surbiton), Lilian M. Bridges (Salisbury), G. W. Bowes (Blackburn), Winifred M. Davies (Derby), J. T. George (Aberdare), Maude R. Fleeson (Manchester), M. C. Smyth (Bournemouth), M. Baldwin (Sowerby Bridge), William Donald (Ayr), Jocelyn Irene Ormsby (Gunnersbury), Kathleen Rice (Harpenden), Sidney S. Wright (Bromley, Kent), J. W. Goodwyn (Bealings), A. E. Gowers (Harehill).

V.—THE PRIZE OF ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION TO THE BOOKMAN is awarded to M. E. Wyly, of Sunningdale, Langley Road, Slough, Bucks.

CARDINAL MANNING.*

By CANON WILLIAM BARRY, D.D.

SO far as I have seen, the "new biography" of Cardinal Manning which we owe to Mr. Leslie has found a hearty welcome from the public and the Press. On its own merits—literary, descriptive and ethical—it deserves recognition among the big books—too big in view of the time to come—which are still fashionable as befitting memorials of late-departed "celebrities." I think, however, that not a few English readers were disposed to look on the previous "Life" by Purcell as unfair to a very noble person; and while amused at the undeniable smartness of Mr. Lytton Strachey's recent satire, felt sorry for Manning, whose own extreme candour about himself has given these opportunities of disfigurement to such ill-natured portrait-painters. Purcell, truly, was inept; Mr. Strachey delighted in showing how clever he could be; but, after all, the question for England is one of national worth, as for the Roman Church it is one of loyal sanctity. These two scales are different, though not in consequence opposed. And Mr. Leslie satisfies both. When Purcell had finished his laying on of deep shades to the picture, it might seem as though Manning's countenance had faded out of light into darkness; we could no longer admit his charm because he was proved sinister, self-seeking, and not to be trusted. For thirty years such a cloud has hung over his memory; but now it is gone. English biography will record to Mr. Leslie a debt of gratitude. He has made Purcell obsolete, broken the point of Mr. Strachey's flying shafts, and restored Manning to the place of honour as a great character in Church and State which those of us who knew him close at hand never doubted to be his by right.

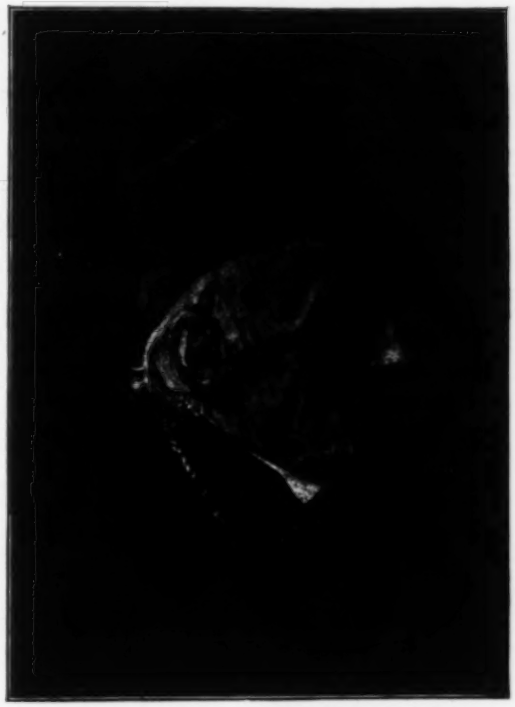
Another noteworthy feature in Mr. Leslie's treatment is rare, but may well find imitators. By education an Eton boy, a graduate of King's College, Cambridge, he is by descent Irish and American, by conversion from High Anglicanism a Roman Catholic, and in politics an adherent of Sinn Fein. He has studied in Paris, travelled over the United States. It follows that for him to take a merely insular view would be always impossible. He writes to a much wider world than the biographer whose home is in London and his horizon the English Channel. By good fortune Manning too was cosmopolite, though never losing the distinctive qualities bred in him by Harrow School and Balliol College. In the closing stage of his career the Cardinal became an ally of such thoroughly democratic leaders across the Atlantic as Cardinal Gibbons (who has recently been taken from us) and Archbishop Ireland, thereby foreshadowing the League of Nations a generation earlier than President Wilson's design. Their united influence told on the policy of Rome, the Labour Movement in Britain, and the vicissitudes of Henry George in the States. I myself enjoyed the privilege of seeing how these things went at head-quarters before and after Cardinal Manning's last days. It was a turning-point in world-history, which left neither Papacy nor Kaiserdom unaffected. America transmitted to Europe the first waves of a mighty revolution in economics; Europe, though more slowly, reacted on America. Manning took measure of all this; and Mr. Leslie holds the same position, allowing for development of ideas since Henry George's "Progress and Poverty." Future historians will fix on the Vatican as the meeting-place of Catholic faith and modern democracy under Leo XIII—an *entente* infinitely more momentous than the crowning of Napoleon by Pope Pius VII in Notre Dame at Paris. The dynasty of the Bonapartes—where is it? "Down and out," as Americans speak, with Romanoffs, Hohenzollerns, Habsburgs, and the rest. But the nations have passed, one and all, into the democratic era. To have seized on that truth, and made ready for its consequences by offering in the Church's name to Labour the right hand of fellowship, was in our Roman prelates as bold a venture as the prophesyings of Israelitish seers when Jerusalem was about to be transformed from a petty Eastern capital to the world's religious centre. If Manning lives to after-times, it will be chiefly by this power of vision and by his energy in acting upon it.

I have begun at the end of Mr. Leslie's volume, not without reason. The career which he undertook to describe and sum up was that of a man of action, in whose judgment religion signified not only a doctrine and a spirit but a vast institution covering the past and connecting it with all the future. He read his Bible for guidance along the ways of life. To him Moses taught the law of economic justice, St. Paul the dignity and rights of Labour. He could bear to be termed a Radical, while that was still a word of reproach; but he preferred the simple name of Christian. So far as men would be Christian in any chapter of conduct, he wrought gladly at their side. Hence his feeling for the Salvation Army, the Temperance Movement in all its branches, Mr. W. T. Stead's crusade of purity, and the claims of the London Dockers led by Mr. John Burns and Mr. Ben Tillett. Certain calls which alarmed or scandalised more nervous Catholics found him waiting like one inspired—the watchman of Dumah unsleeping, sure of the dawn. Would it not be a confession of blindness on our part were we to refuse this unhesitating pioneer the title of a great man, one who was not the least among the Worthies of Britain?

Three times he chose to turn away from the prizes which seemed within his grasp, and that on motives very puzzling to the man of the world. I consider he did so when he underwent a true spiritual change, rightly called conversion; again when he declined to become the Queen's sub-almoner, which would have led him up, as for instance Dr. Randall Davidson has been led, to the throne of Canterbury; and, most decisive of all, when he joined the Roman Church. I do not reckon the momentary proposal made to him by Cardinal Bilio and others, on the death of Pius IX, that his name should be put forward in the coming Conclave. He knew and said that his election was impossible. Yet romance lights up the scene in which one who might have ruled at Lambeth is offered in prospect the Chair of St. Peter. I come back to my argument. Manning's variety of

* "Henry Edward Manning: His Life and Labours." By Shane Leslie. 25s. (Burns, Oates & Washbourne.)

gifts, though it did not include the highest type of genius in art or mental power, gave scope for boundless ambition. He was singularly handsome, a graceful athlete, always in bearing, language, courtesy, much of a prince, *porphyrogenitus;* and, like Napoleon, he had a smile so winning that it fascinated his enemies. Thanks to family connections and a large fortune derived from banking, his childhood was a kind of fairy tale, shining and splendid. He was sent to Harrow; and Harrow couples his name with that of Byron. In Oxford he moved among scholars, hunting-men, debaters; he read Adam Smith, wrote the liveliest of undergraduate letters, and, though seemingly idle, took a brilliant First Class in "Humanities"—I keep the fine mediæval word for the classics and philosophy. But his father, a quondam Governor of the Bank of England, failed; Manning was never to be wealthy any more. He became a clerk in the Colonial Office, found salvation by the Evangelical method of experience, and was ordained by Bishop Bagot, who hoped he would prove "a most useful member of the Protestant Church." What ironies life had in store for him! Seventeen years at Lavington followed. By a most happy, though brief, marriage he contracted alliance with Sargeants, Wilberforces, Ryders, the striking group which gave so many of its members to Rome. But Manning was not a Tractarian. He preached a Guy Fawkes sermon in Oxford against the growing danger; he told Ward that his "Ideal of a Christian Church" was the most Lutheran book he had lately seen; with Newman his friendship from the beginning might have borne the Scripture device of a "speckled bird." It never ceased to be genuine; I would call it often bitter and exasperated—a combination not unknown. The Oxford leader, going over in the '45 to the enemy, explained his position in the "Development"; but Manning, it is fair to say, was not quite equal to the thought which it demanded; with his intimate friend, Gladstone, he sought refuge in Butler's "Analogy"; and then the Gorham Judgment, a triumph for Evangelicals, drove him across the border about which he had been hovering. The stage of indecision, painful enough in itself, brought to the Anglican director of souls difficult problems, to be solved as best they might. We read his account of that trying time in Purcell. The new biography does not yield any fresh documents, nor undertake to resolve the case of conscience arising from official duties and rapidly-growing personal opinions of a different complexion. It is not, however, insoluble, in a sense which justifies Manning.



Cardinal Manning.

From the etching from life by Mortimer Menpes.
From "Cardinal Manning," by Shane Leslie (Burns & Oates and Washbourne).

That he was capable of utter self-sacrifice he showed in 1851 by giving up his preferments, submitting to Rome when the "No Popery" agitation had scarcely subsided, and becoming a mere student in the "Noble College" under shadow of the Vatican. True it is that Pius IX was already acquainted with his devout temperament; for the Archdeacon had paid visits to St. Peter's; and Gladstone, a fervent Churchman, who shared his companionship in the Eternal City, caught there his first glimpse of a Catholic Communion wider than his Island-sanctuary. Manning's change of character and scene brought him for ten years an effacement almost as complete as Newman's at Edgbaston. Did he feel aggrieved? I have not come upon a trace of discontent. But from henceforth English readers who are not Catholics will pursue the story of his life, I suspect, with a certain aloofness until its eventide. He was now, an enemy would say, "Italianate"; given up to ideas and schemes of which the scope being no longer national, the interest for Britons at large melted into a hazy distance. The pathetic figure of Wiseman; the fighting coadjutor, Errington; the *gracioso* belonging to Spanish comedy, Talbot; the Jesuits and other Regulars at law with the Bishops—these fill a stage curiously recalling mediæval times; and it is not the legal punctilio but the touches of human nature that the average man will select for his edification in the play. Mr. Leslie wields a seductive pen; he is always alert, not seldom amused and amusing, resolved to hide nothing, to apologise for nobody, to welcome antagonists—Manning, Newman, Vaughan—into the Sacred College; and to bring out in a tranquil heaven of its own "the immense majesty of the Roman Peace." Peace, I make bold to affirm, "at the heart of endless agitations." For I lived in Rome during the Vatican Council; I served the Mass of prelates who in discussion might argue one against another within the Council Chamber, but who knelt as brethren about St. Peter's shrine.

How notable was the part which Manning played in 1870; how he won the battle of Infallibility, despite Dupanloup, Acton, Döllinger, Darboy, sending defiance to Gladstone and Bismarck, and shaping the victorious majority, has been told in many books. The papers left, however, in the archives visited by Mr. Leslie to such good effect on the whole, do not increase our knowledge of this episode. Light may still come from French or German sources. Manning acted in that crisis a great

deal more than he wrote; and he kept his personal reminiscences to himself. He stood by the deathbed of Pius IX; voted for his successor; helped by a generous report of Newman's transcendent merits to pave his way into the College of Cardinals, and by his daring, yet well-considered policy towards the Labour Movement, not in England only but in all modern countries, exercised an influence over Leo XIII far more fruitful than he had ever enjoyed during the previous reign. His intervention in the Dockers' Strike of 1889 made him the People's Cardinal. The Irish of his London flock adored him; and he went a long way in advance of Gladstone towards the settlement of the chief problems which were concerned with the Protestant Establishment, the Land, the first stages of Home Rule. Disraeli struck him with a magic wand, and in "Lothair" he moved as the stately Cardinal Grandison. Retired from society, in which his place had long been kept reserved, he was in his old age a legendary figure; but he could preach at Cardinal Newman's requiem in the London Oratory with all his wonted grace of style and careful articulation. The illustrious Oratorian died on August 11th, 1890. To Manning the end came on January 14th, 1892. His last words were, "*Deposui jugum, opus meum consummatum est.*" He laid down his yoke of duty; his work was done. London gave him thronged streets for his funeral. Now he rests, with Wiseman and Vaughan, in the Cathedral which his love of poor children would never let him build, at Westminster.

The Shakespearean question abides, "What was this man?" We might perhaps attempt to find the human equation; but "God's judgments are a great deep." Before he was consecrated, the Archbishop designate committed to paper his inmost thoughts; and he left the record behind him surely as a witness to later times. It is a document of sacred and priceless value. Mr. Leslie has done well to print this confession of a believer, who dedicated all his gifts to serve the cause of an historical ever-living creed, and that in years when unbelief was gathering power to reward its votaries with fame, place and means of aggression. In the Papacy to Manning it appeared that Religion would survive, whatever came to pass. He chose to be the soldier of the Church; and no one who reads this brilliantly adequate story of his life, which tells us all we can learn about him from his own lips, will doubt his sincerity or deny his heroic self-sacrifice.

New Books.

MACHINE-MADE CIVILISATION.*

Experiment has proved that certain microscopic organisms, when introduced into a favourable food environment, multiply vigorously up to a certain point, but when that has been reached the colony begins to decay and finally dies out. The disaster does not occur because of lack of food; the surrounding fluid or jelly offers infinitely more nourishment than the colony could absorb. Death occurs because the organisms themselves produce an element that reacts fatally. Dr. Freeman, impressed by these facts, has been led to elaborate a theory that our civilisation acts in a somewhat similar way. The civilisations of the past flourished and then decayed because they developed this hostile element in their environment. In biology these hostile elements are known, it appears, as anti-bodies, and after a closely-reasoned and intensely interesting analysis Dr. Freeman separates out four of the anti-bodies in the development of society: (i) The Domination of Man by Mechanism, (ii) Collectivism, (iii) The Progressive Increase of the Population, (iv) The Survival and Relative Increase of the Unfit.

With merciless logic he shows that on the profit and loss account of human progress the development of the power machine, that made its first effective appearance towards the end of the eighteenth century, produced a heavy balance on the wrong side. The machine that was introduced as man's servant became his master. Time-saving devices ended in reducing the amount of time available for the individual. A terrible indictment is made against the machine from every point of view. It degrades man by fostering collectivism which makes it possible for the mediocre to flourish at the expense of the more capable. For the evolutionary principle of the *survival of the fittest*, Dr. Freeman would substitute the *elimination of the unfit*. There is a real point of difference introduced by this change in terminology. The increasing use of machinery levels down. Labour is almost solidly collectivist, and tends to defend the unfit, while it is jealous of the superior types.

So exasperating is Dr. Freeman's account of the present state of social and economic affairs that the reader would get dispirited were it not for the fact that the book falls into two parts, the Analytic and the Synthetic. They are woefully unequal in size, and the reader is at first tempted to rank our author with the large class of people who are excellent at finding fault and at breaking down, but have nothing helpful to say about building up. But there is an excellent reason for the discrepancy in size between the two parts. To begin with, Dr. Freeman's thesis is not generally accepted. He is no retailer of threadbare complaints. He has to establish his theory of anti-bodies generally and with particular reference to machinery. Like the good doctor that he is, he wants to be sure of his diagnosis before he proceeds to treatment. But when he has made out his damaging case, he is only too willing to proceed to the cure. It is clearly not his fault that the second part is so small. He has no lack of material at his disposal for synthetic treatment, but has had to cut it down. He is holding matter in reserve, and suggests fuller treatment in a succeeding work.

Dr. R. Austin Freeman.

To correlate his analysis and synthesis it is necessary to use the concept of organism. After a critical statement of Spencer's changing views on the nature of the social organism, Dr. Freeman comes to the conclusion that

* "Social Decay and Regeneration." By R. Austin Freeman. 18s. net. (Constable.)

society really is an organism, but of the most primitive type. He toys with the analogy of the sponges as supplying the nearest parallel, but at a later stage makes the striking generalisation that "whereas the lowest compound forms are relatively simple aggregates of simple units, and the higher compound organisms are complex aggregates of simple units, the Social Organism is a simple aggregate of complex units." It is in these complex units that Dr. Freeman sees the possibility of regeneration. The consciousness or rather the self-consciousness of the members of society makes it possible for society to take itself in hand, and thus counteract the tendencies towards decay. Huxley had something of the same view, though very differently expressed. Society as such does not appear to have a life-cycle, or, at any rate, from the peculiar nature of its complex units it is able on occasion to modify whatever tendency there may be towards such a cycle. If it is on the down grade it may take a thought and mend. Turning over in his mind the possibilities of the case, Dr. Freeman finds that "if the threatened dissolution of society is due to the suspension of Natural Selection, then the re-establishment of Natural Selection would appear to be the measure obviously indicated." So he is led on to the slippery slope of surgical means of sterilising the unfit. The case is plainly stated, but the temptation to support it is resisted. Dr. Freeman cannot accept the sterilisation solution, because it involves compulsion, and he is all for freedom. He is obviously in a difficulty between his own kindly impulses and the demands of severe reasoning; but he is not unsuccessful in harmonising the two. When it comes to the actual working out of details there is no lack of finish in his treatment of the Voluntary Segregation of the Fit. Many will be doubtful about the feasibility of his League of the Fit. But all fair-minded readers will admit that he has blazed a trail that is well worth following, and will be grateful for the help provided by a man so eminently qualified by scientific attainments and literary skill—rare combination!—in diagnosing our present parlous social state. Even those whom his analysis exasperates will be wise if they remember the value of the surgeon's unpleasant probing, and recognise this book as a work of the first importance on its subject.

JOHN ADAMS.

New Mills: Men Wading.
From "Crome," by C. H. Collins Baker (Methuen).

CROME.*

Unlike Romney or Whistler, John Crome seems to have lived a rather average, undistinguished life; made no figure in society; and there was no general recognition of his genius until some while after his comparatively early death, for he died at fifty-three. He was born in Norfolk, and devoted himself as fully and faithfully to depicting rural Norfolk on his canvases as Mr. Hardy, in his different medium, has devoted himself to presenting the scenery and character of Wessex. He admittedly founded his style on a study of Dutch and Flemish masters, and has accordingly been dubbed "the English Hobbema"; but it was English scenery that he painted, and the thing that matters is that he put himself, his own individuality, into his work and, whatever influences may be behind them, in feeling and life and atmosphere, his pictures remain familiarly and distinctively English.

The facts of his career may be summarised in a few lines. His father was a journeyman weaver, keeping a small public-house in Norwich at the time of his son's birth. At twelve John Crome was employed as errand-boy to a doctor, and after two years of this was apprenticed to Francis Whisler, a coach, house and sign painter, and thus, "not yet fifteen, Crome came in contact with paint and brushes" after a manner. By the time he was twenty-two, when it is to be presumed he had qualified as a sign painter, he became Whisler's journeyman. Presently he fell in with a young printer's apprentice, and the two began to study painting together; and when he was out of his apprenticeship to Whisler he gave himself seriously to that art.

He passed through a period of struggle and poverty, but in his early thirties his gifts had been recognised to some extent and he had been taken up by a wealthy art patron or so; then he married; the rest of his story is of his progress as a painter.

Mr. Collins Baker has written the quiet biography of this great man fully and skilfully, and follows it with detailed and discriminatingly critical chapters on "Crome's Development," on "Crome's Water Colours," on his "Imitators and Followers"; and an able and very interesting survey of "Crome's Creed and Place in Art." Following these, Crome's pictures, dates when they were exhibited and names of present owners; pictures that have been sold by auction and to whom; and an alphabetical catalogue of works by and assigned to Crome are given in appendices.

The book has a frontispiece portrait of the artist and is illustrated with over fifty beautifully reproduced examples of his work; it has a very admirable introduction by Mr. C. J. Holmes, Director of the National Gallery.

* "Crome." By C. H. Collins Baker. £5 5s. (Methuen.)

WARFARE IN THE HUMAN BODY.

In the world intellectual the shoemaker rarely sticks to his last. Apollo was both poet and physician; "Dante once essayed to paint an angel"; "Rafael made a century

of sonnets"; Newton "voyaging through strange seas of thought alone" landed on the island of Theology; Goethe wrote on anatomy, botany and optics; Jenner, of vaccination fame, perpetrated verses, and described a smallpox pustule "as a pearl on a rose leaf"; Oliver Wendell Holmes wrote "Elsie Venner" and "The Nautilus," as well as important medical treatises; Virchow was both a great pathologist and a great politician; Sir Ronald Ross is at once scientist, poet, and novelist; and one might add to the list indefinitely. Yet, strange to say, when we find such a distinguished novelist as Mr. Morley Roberts roaming about the streets of the City of Science, we are not a little surprised, and not till we learn that Professor Arthur Keith has made him "freeman" of the city are we prepared to take him quite seriously.

Mr. Morley Roberts, however, is quite at home in the city: he knows its language, its factories, its workshops, its wares. For him "mitoses," "chromosomes," "amino-acids," "pangenes," "antigens," have no terror; and he is on a footing of intimacy with "plasmodium," "catalyst," "endocrine," "tyrosinase" and other terminological terata. Nor is he merely a tourist and sightseer, he is also a worker and a critic: he constructs and he demolishes.

All this is as it ought to be; for the scientific and the literary imagination have much in common, and each may be stimulated by an interchange of environment. The novelist will find inspiration in a laboratory, and the bacteriologist will find suggestions in the pages of a "yellow-back." Science, it is true, is a very exact and very exacting study, and no outsider can possess a tithe of the details accumulated by a practical scientist in a lifetime of scientific labour; but the interpretation and co-ordination of facts are even more important than their accumulation, and a clear, acute, unprejudiced unprofessional mind coming fresh to facts can sometimes interpret and co-ordinate them more successfully than a specialist. Science requires not only patience, punctiliousness and information; it requires also imagination, openmindedness, reasoning power, and courage. It was Goethe who discovered the metamorphosis of the organs of a plant: it was Goethe who first surmised the vertebrate character of the human skull: it was a monk who taught biologists Mendelism: it was probably Sir Ronald Ross, the poet, more than Sir Ronald Ross, the scientist, who hunted malaria into the belly of a mosquito; and Mr. Morley Roberts, the novelist, possesses in his reasoning faculty a weapon of analysis as potent in the conquest of truth as any of the weapons of a trained scientist.

In his work, "Warfare in the Human Body,"* he deals with a variety of deep questions such as "Method in Science," "Repair in Evolution," "The Theory of Immunity," "Heredity and Evolution," "The Physiology of Consciousness," "The Psychology of Training," and, whatever his subject, he always succeeds in throwing some new light on it. To discuss here all the questions he raises would be impossible; but his chapter on "Malignancy" may be taken as illustrative of his general methods. He builds on a foundation of broad generalisations. The body, he points out, is a symbiotic community, where "give and take" are delicately balanced; but the symbiosis, like the symbiosis of international commerce, is always on the verge of hostility, and at any moment there may be "a breakdown leading to warfare in the human body." On this view he regards cancer simply as a breakdown of the symbiotic balance between the cells of the epidermis and the cells of the connective tissue. The cells of the connective tissue, owing to irritation or injury, cease to control the growth of the cells of the epidermis, and these latter multiply and invade the underlying tissues. Mr. Morley Roberts accordingly considers cancer and similar malignant growths to be due mainly to lack of chemical resistance on the part of counterbalancing tissues; it is a case of failure in metabolic regulation. He suggests, therefore, that cancer may be best treated by "assisting the reactions of the connective tissue." That is briefly his thesis, but he works to his conclusions with scientific thoroughness, pointing out on the way how much we already know of the relationship of the secretions of the thyroid and pituitary glands to overgrowths quite comparable with malignant tumours. It is strange, however, that in talking of the trophoblast and chorion-epitheliema he does not mention the theory of Dr. Beard, of Edinburgh, with regard to the pancreas.

Mr. Morley Roberts first visited the City of Science in search of facts which would assist him in certain sociological studies, and he quickly came to the conclusion that the processes of health and disease in cellular organisms had their analogues in the processes of health and disease in organised human societies, and that these analogues could throw much light on the problems of physiology and pathology. This bold and interesting idea is the key-note of his essays; but it is certainly open to debate whether the analogues he points out have much inductive value. Doubtless all inductive reasoning is founded on analogy—on what Jevons terms "the substitution of similars" and Whately "the resemblance of relations," but the analogies between health and disease in societies, and health and disease in organisms are so slight that they can seldom serve as a basis of valid inference. Mr. Roberts's comparison of catalysts to tools is instructive, but tools and catalysts are not analogues permitting really valid inferences from one to the other, and the comparison is little better than Liebig's comparison of blood-corpuscles to coins. Again, though the comparison of the negro population in the States to a cancer metastasis is imaginative, picturesque, and suggestive, I fail to see any valid inductive or explanatory value in the comparison. So, too, there is really no analogue of inductive value between a tropism and a spiritual affinity. There is as little to be gained from analogues of that kind as from the analogues that may be established between a merry-go-round and a star, for they are not analogues *in pari materia*. Herbert Spencer declares that "study of organised bodies may be indirectly furthered by study of the body politic," and that is as far as one may go.

An over-emphasis, then, of very partial analogues between cellular and sociological processes seems to me one of the defects of Mr. Morley Roberts's volume. A second defect is his frequent failure to express himself with scientific lucidity and precision. Take, for instance, the second sentence in his first chapter: "As the work progressed many side issues presented themselves, and it was seen that if the notion of developmental diseases in man and other animals had their analogues in society, by which we could learn the nature of, and possible remedies for, social disorders, these should present real analogies with bodily morbid states." The sentence is clumsy and the reference of "these" obscure.

But these are comparatively small defects in a big and interesting volume and it is to be hoped that Mr. Morley Roberts will frequently revisit the City of Science and will give us further fruits of his scientific researches.

R. C. MACFIE.

* "Warfare in the Human Body." By Morley Roberts. (Nash.)

THREE AND ONE.*

A certain class of novels is suggestive of a raven's nest. Innumerable are the twigs that go to its making, and they are old black sticks, the debris of many trees and many summers. An ugly nest, and yet out of it come, in due course, handsome, glossy ravens, the embodiment of young, fierce strength. "The Poisoner" and "The Early Hours" are novels of the raven's nest kind. Interminably wordy, full of scenes and people that do not live, they have each a central excellence which is their *raison d'être*. A spark of talent went to their making, it shaped and vitalised and lifted them out of the ruck; and it is this spark of talent

* "Woman Triumphant." By V. Blasco Ibañez. (Constable.)—"The Curtain." By A. Macfarlan. (Heinemann.)—"The Early Hours." By M. Pickthall. (Collins.)—"The Poisoner." By G. Cumberland. (Grant Richards.)

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which, in spite of a pervasive dullness, leads the reader on from page to page. It promises perhaps more light in "The Early Hours" than it gives, but in "The Poisoner" it burns steadily.

The argument of "The Poisoner" is given in the question Stavart asks himself—"Was not his instinct towards slow self-destruction the most real, the most essential part of his being?" The son of a drunken mother and sadic, hysterical father, Stavart was a doomed creature, the sort of decadent Nature sweeps away with one or other of her twin besoms, tubercle and drink. From the beginning he was a hopeless case, and as such Mr. Cumberland has depicted him. No doubt in his choice of subject the author was influenced by his amazement—the amazement of all who regard human life as of more importance to the forces beyond our comprehension than that of other animals—that a man should be born decadent and doomed.

Mr. Pickthall's "Early Hours" is also a sad book, but it is serene, accepting chance and change as the will of Allah. He tells of the Young Turks' revolution, and though the account is not very clear he yet contrives to give us unforgettable pictures of Moslem life. But whereas Mr. Cumberland's "Poisoner" is a progression, the "Early Hours" cannot be said to be as good as some of Mr. Pickthall's other books—for instance, "Veiled Women." The main interest, to a thoughtful mind, of his work is that these Eastern stories are by a man, born to Christianity, who after consideration relinquished it in favour of Islam. We seek in his books the reasons for that change of faith, wondering if he had chanced on a better solution of the riddle of life than has occurred to us. What do we find as we read between the lines? A fine spirituality, a poise due to submission and faith:

"The end of life is not communion with a fellow-creature. That search must end in disappointment always. The soul of every living man and woman is solitary from the cradle to the grave, unless it finds, by service, that communion with Allah, for which, in truth, it was created."

In other words, the writer imagines he has found in Islam what the devotee of every religion believes he finds in it—communion with God.

Different from "The Poisoner" and "The Early Hours" in that it is not so intolerably wordy, "The Curtain," on the other hand, makes a slighter impression and perhaps a larger appeal. The scene is laid in Corsica and the theme is the effect of a certain interchange between the main characters. In the opening chapters Mabel Cain is blind; midway she has recovered her sight, and Hugh Cardinal, somewhat unconvincingly, has lost his. The result is a happy ending for everybody concerned. This is, in parts, a subtle book and it is pleasantly written—but the preface was, as usual, superfluous. We have yet to meet the author whose friends do not see in his characters veiled personalities, and who is not anxious to repudiate the accusation.

Three books, good of their kind, pieces of conscientious craftsmanship, probably each the best published on the particular day that gave it to the world, yet not outstanding, not of supreme merit; and then one—"Woman Triumphant," by Blasco Ibañez.

From the outset the attention is arrested. In the first paragraph we have this remark about Renovales, the painter, who is entering a picture gallery:

"But the dead did not attract him; very interesting they were, very worthy of respect . . . but art was moving along new paths and he could not study where he only saw reality *through the temperament of other men.*"

The insight of that phrase whips up expectancy. From this book we shall get more than dry, woody twigs of accepted thought; here at last is a man who has got out of the ruts of the road.

It is curious that even the faults of a great writer arouse more interest than the excellences of the mediocre. Ibañez begins his book with some ninety pages of retrospect which should either have formed part of the story or been compressed into a few paragraphs. Nevertheless we read without skipping and are rewarded by passages remarkable for their vision:

"If we lose something that made life unbearable," says the author, giving us the key to his story, "we immediately wish it back as indispensable to our happiness. . . . Renovales is the personification of human desire, this poor desire which in reality does not know what it wants, eternally fickle and unsatisfied."

This Renovales is the son of a blacksmith, his reputation as a painter is world-wide, and he is happily married. In order to please his wife, however, he gives up his wish to paint flesh, and the repressed desire, which was in him peculiarly strong, gradually undermines his powers. By the time he reaches middle life this subservience to her views has brought him to a condition in which he can neither love nor paint, and sees before him nothing but "the black, greedy abyss—death." His wife dies, and she is no sooner dead than he begins to idealise this woman:

"Whose silent censure, prying eyes and narrow, petty morality of a well-educated girl had blocked his course, and whose fits of temper had robbed him of his strength for work."

He resolved to pull himself together and paint one last picture, a picture in her honour, a picture as great as Goya's "Maja Desnuda." It is, however, too late; his hand has lost its power. Long disuse of his gift has atrophied it, and the "Maja Desnuda" he would have painted—and in his youth could have painted—must remain a dream. He is an old man come to the end of life without having fulfilled himself because, great as were his gifts, he lacked the moral strength which would have enabled him to beat down opposition and conquer fate.

C. A. DAWSON SCOTT.

AT THE SUPREME WAR COUNCIL.*

One of the minor horrors of war is the aftermath it leaves of dispute and denunciation. Naturally the great war of 1914–1918 has provided enormous scope for the chroniclers of fact and fiction and the washers of political and military dirty linen. We have grown somewhat tired of Confessions and Diaries and Reminiscences; war literature is something of a drug in the market. Nevertheless there is still room and to spare for publications of real value, for many of the loudly-heralded volumes, with a famous name on the title page, have proved singularly disappointing.

I have read with attention Captain Peter E. Wright's book, "At the Supreme War Council," and I confess that as a narrative it disappoints me and as an indictment it leaves me cold. Captain Wright states that he was Assistant Secretary and Interpreter to the Supreme War Council, and explains that in this double capacity he was enabled to hear and read military secrets of the highest importance. He proceeds, in due course, to criticise with great severity General (now Field-Marshal) Sir William Robertson for (as he suggests) communicating military secrets to Colonel Repington (military correspondent to *The Times* and later to the *Morning Post*) and for using Major-General Maurice and Repington as his advertisers and press agents. Now this is interesting. Certain of us who did more or less confidential work on the British Staff during the war took an oath not to divulge, *then or afterwards*, such confidential matters as might come to our knowledge in the course of our duties. I can only suppose that, despite the important nature of Captain Wright's position, he was not called on to take such an oath, for he describes many incidents and conversations which must have been for the select few only.

Captain Wright's pictures are at least arresting. Clemenceau was, he says, "the most amiable of old men, and if a tiger, as he was called, only a stuffed nursery tiger." Mr. Lloyd George he commends because of his determination to win the war, "in spite of . . . his inveterate taste for low and unscrupulous men; of the distrust felt for him by his favourites . . . of his superficial, slipshod and hasty mind. . . ." Haig also does not escape, though Foch is

* "At the Supreme War Council." By Peter E. Wright. 7s. 6d. net. (Eveleigh Nash.)

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drawn as a demigod. Everybody almost is represented as taking part in a frantic struggle for self-glorification or the evasion of responsibility.

It is all very forceful, very trenchant—very painful sometimes, as in the tragedy of Gough's Fifth Army—but one wonders what is the *good* of it all now. After all, the war had to be conducted by human beings; had they been omniscient they would doubtless have done better. But is it quite the moment to turn on these men a merciless searchlight? Are we not a little too near the Great Event to be able to see it in correct perspective? I do Captain Wright the justice to believe that he is sincere, that he is actuated by no petty feelings, that he honestly believes his book to be a valuable document. But has he made due allowance for the mental strain, the awful burden of responsibility thrown on those in high command or placed in positions of national responsibility? That Foch was and is a great man the world gladly concedes, but there were others. It is not greatness only to conquer; a man can but do his best according to his lights.

For the rest, there are many interesting figures and comparisons in the book which may be useful to the student, and one important observation—namely, that the innovation of the Secretariat not only enabled Mr. Lloyd George to assume a virtual dictatorship, but enables him to retain it at this moment.

FRANCIS D. GRIERSON.

BOOKS ON KENT AND SUSSEX.*

It is pretty certain that the reviewer who finds among a number of topographical books one by Mr. Bradley, will also find it to be easily the most able and conscientious of the bundle. It is so in this collection of Kent and Sussex books, for Mr. Bradley's is by far the more accomplished, competent and valuable of the three. Mr. Bradley has his failings and his little weaknesses, but he takes his work seriously and produces work which must always command respect and admiration.

In this book he does for the East Kent coast what in an earlier book ("An Old Gate of England") he has done for Rye, Romney Marsh and the western Cinque Ports. The purpose of the two books is to describe the whole of the Cinque Ports and their surrounding country and villages. In this volume, then, we get the story, and Mr. Bradley's description, of the Isle of Thanet, Sandwich with Richborough, Deal, Dover, Folkestone and Hythe, and the villages of this littoral. As Rye dominated his previous book, Sandwich (with Richborough) dominates this. Mr. Bradley says of the two towns:

> "There is nothing else in the south of England in the least like these two little towns, while those of the north and west, or rather of the Welsh Marches, which in Ludlow, Tewkesbury and Bridgnorth possesses the best of them, are of an entirely different type and altogether outside comparison."

In making that statement Mr. Bradley speaks from a comparative knowledge, which makes it the more authoritative. It is true that there are no towns more beautiful, in their differing individualities, than these, and Mr. Bradley is fortunate in having one of them to brighten each of his two volumes, particularly as the scenery of the whole district is mild by comparison with those grander and more romantic landscape beauties which he usually described in earlier books.

Perhaps Mr. Bradley's best things are: his succinct introductory story of the Cinque Ports as a whole; his excellent and reasoned account of the smuggling industry, which contrasts favourably with the scrappy, ill-digested notes of so many writers; and his admirable account of Sandwich and Richborough. Can he be right, however, in his statement concerning Richborough (p. 153) that "nowhere in Britain is there so great a memorial of the Roman occupation, etc." (unless he means to be read *au pied de la lettre* in respect of the words, "untouched by later human hands," as another reference on p. 215 suggests that he does not). Has Mr. Bradley never seen Porchester? And what about the Roman Wall?

One of Mr. Bradley's virtues is his independent and speculative point of view, illustrated in this book by his reflections on the comparative absence of documentary knowledge of the four centuries of Roman rule in this country. His comparative lack of interest in certain literary associations, which quite justifiably appeal to others, is perhaps explained by a remark on p. 154.

Mr. Fred Adcock's many careful and illuminative drawings are a notable adjunct to Mr. Bradley's book.

In his book on "Kipling's Sussex" Mr. Hopkins was seized of a fine idea, but he has not carried it out as thoroughly and closely as might have been expected, and this and Mr. Holmes' book on Sussex are not particularly original in matter or treatment. All topographical writers must be dependent on their predecessors, but the user of old material must always be prepared to stand the test: does he present the old matter with some novelty of manner, invest it with his own individuality, add to it something new? Judged by such standards these books do not rank tremendously high, but they are at least pleasurable and entertaining accounts of wanderings in a delectable county, and for those who are not too exacting they will form useful and companionable touring handbooks, Mr. Holmes' volume having the advantage in a series of drawings of considerable charm (though the paper used seems calculated to render them somewhat coarsely), and Mr. Hopkins' book in its relation to Kipling's stories. I have the best of personal reasons for wishing for Mr. Hopkins the felicity of a second edition. I owe to him a kindly reference to a book of mine, and, since he has paid me the further compliment of incorporating in his own matter a small thing which he has borrowed—no doubt inadvertently—from the same book, he would, I am sure, like to mark it by inverted commas. Mr. Holmes may well pray for a similar good

* "England's Outpost: the Country of the Kentish Cinque Ports." By A. G. Bradley. With Illustrations by Fred Adcock. 10s. 6d. net. (Robert Scott.)—"Kipling's Sussex." By R. Thurston Hopkins. 12s. 6d. net. (Simpkin, Marshall.)—"Seaward Sussex: the South Downs from End to End." By Edric Holmes. Illustrated by Mary M. Vigers. 7s. net. (Robert Scott.)

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From "England's Outposts: The Country of the Kentish Cinque Ports" (Robert Scott).

fortune to enable him to correct a number of irritating, if trifling, inaccuracies. For instance, Richard Jefferies was not buried in or at Broadwater Church, and his name was not Jeffries. We wonder who Cobbet, and Stripe and Olliver are, and is not Mr. Holmes in error in stating that Lamb lived for some *years* at Brighton ?

THE TRAMP.

MARY STUART.*

In "Mary Stuart," as in "Abraham Lincoln," Mr. John Drinkwater has made use of a machinery to mediate between the play and the audience, to give the play an atmosphere of remoteness and thus to obviate the necessity of such minutiæ of actuality as would make against that intense simplicity which alone can give prose the quality of poetry. In "Abraham Lincoln" the chroniclers defined the position of the drama on the infinite stage of history. The relationship between the setting and the play of "Mary Stuart" is more original, closer and more complex. As to its technical aptness it is impossible to speak without having seen the play on the stage. Its psychological rightness may be judged as well from the book—or better, for one is not confused by idiosyncracies of interpretation—but, even so, it is not easy to pass a definite judgment. For to do so would be to pronounce definitely on the nature of the passion of love, a point which the philosophers have not yet settled.

John Hunter, a young man, has come to Andrew Boyd, an old man—in the year 1900 or later—in great distress. His wife, Margaret, has told him of her love for another. Naturally Hunter is hurt and humiliated, although Margaret has declared that her love for him is untouched by the new love. To Hunter this seems meaningless; but Boyd would make him ashamed of his bitterness, declaring that there are women who can "love so well that no man's nature can contain all that they have to give." Mary Stuart was such an one; Margaret is another. Of Mary Boyd is a worshipper; her portrait is over his fire-place; and he bids Hunter learn wisdom from her tragic story. Hunter rejects the suggestion with contempt, and then:

"A dress rustles outside on the terrace.

"BOYD: What's the matter ?

"He turns.

"HUNTER: There—look—— Who is it ?

"MARY STUART *stands on the terrace at the window. She is the Queen of the portrait.*

"MARY: Boy, I can tell you everything."

The scene changes to a room in Holyrood on a night of March, 1566—the night of Riccio's murder. But the new scene is doubly linked to the old, through Mary's consciousness as well as through Hunter's, for, as the new scene becomes defined, the Queen is waking from a prophetic dream of what has just passed between Boyd and Hunter. It is a curious device; but what is of more interest is the question—how far, in the one short, vivid scene enacted, Mary realises the "great lover" of Boyd's idea. It is a hard question to answer; for one's mind has been prejudiced by what has gone before. If the Holyrood scene stood alone, without Boyd's indication of its intention, one cannot be quite sure that this particular aspect of Mary's nature would have been what most immediately appealed to one. For at that particular moment of her career, not only historically but by Mr. Drinkwater's own showing, such love as she had ever had for Darnley had turned to bitter contempt; it is doubtful whether she was ever more than amused by Riccio; while Bothwell had not yet altogether captured her imagination. This is how she speaks of the three of them:

"They make a poor, shabby company. Riccio sings, yes, ravishingly. And no more. Darnley cannot sing even, and he's my husband. Just a petulance—one cannot even be sorry for it. How he hates Riccio—I wish David were better worth hating. That would be something. And Bothwell wants to take me with a swagger. It is a good swagger, but that's the end of it. I think he will take me yet, the odds against him are pitiful enough. But it's a barren stock of lovers, Beaton. I, who could have made the greatest greater."

* "Mary Stuart." A Play by John Drinkwater. 3s. 6d. net. (Sidgwick & Jackson.)

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Hardly the words of a great lover, these. So, at any rate, John Hunter would seem to have thought; for at the end, when the play is played, his voice is heard, dream-like, in irritated repetition: "Mary Stuart can tell me nothing, I say."

And yet, when all is said, one does get a sense, from this play, of a great-hearted woman; of one who gave her love not to this man or that, but had a boundless wealth of love to give and might "have made the greatest greater." The tense, vivid prose of Mr. Drinkwater's dialogue one cannot over-praise.

FRANCIS BICKLEY.

THINGS AS THEY ARE.*

Mr. Graham Wallas is entitled to the high respect of thoughtful persons for his intellectual gifts and his long public service. To the educational work of London he gave both many years of time and the best efforts of a mind inspired by the old classical tradition and the new social ideals. He is already known to readers as the author of a life of Francis Place and a volume on the human factor in politics, which is almost a classic in its own kind. The present work may be described as a courageous piece of moral and social stocktaking. The war that was to end war and bring us a new world came to a sort of end two years and more ago. What ideals and impulses have been left us?

To a clear statement of our present position, our vital carry-over from the past, and a discussion of the principles immediately and remotely operative in national life, Mr. Wallas devotes twelve chapters or essays that are both brief and full because they do not waste space upon vague generalities. This country, says Mr. Wallas in effect, is not a new Jerusalem or an earthly paradise for heroes, but a land in which certain politicians, newspaper proprietors, rich men, close corporations, and social conventions (all clearly named) are the dominant powers. Given these actual facts and circumstances, what are we to do? There is no polemic in the author's statements. We know, of course, that his heart is not given to the things of the present, but he does not get angry, or call names or resort to claptrap. He is as unimpassioned as a good accountant examining the books of a rotten concern—and just as terrible.

His chapters discuss such topics as the nature of our social heritage, the effects of group co-operation, the control of national co-operation, professionalism, liberty, natural right, world co-operation, constitutional monarchy, science, and the church. The practical nature of the discussion can be gathered from the fact that when Mr. Wallas has discussed the human tendency to group co-operation as a social and biological heritage, he shows the impulses actually at work by a citation of facts and proceedings from the Dardanelles and Mesopotamia Reports. He puts his finger very exactly upon one great danger to society—the modern newspaper, a highly elaborate piece of machinery by which one man or a few men can flood the country every day with incitements to hatred, animosity and violence against any individual or nation or cause or ideal. The press, once an outlawed and heretical activity, has now become a great super-papal establishment with its myriads of worshippers and its infallible and omnipotent heads, to offend whom means extinction. It is now the plain duty of every intelligent person to fight against this new force of destruction and persecution.

In the essay on liberty Mr. Wallas quotes the famous funeral oration that Thucydides puts into the mouth of Pericles, and he remarks that what neither of them understood was that the slaves of Periclean Athens were human beings also. I would suggest to Mr. Wallas that this is exactly the trouble of modern times. The thing called slavery has long since ceased to exist; but the idea of slavery is still a powerful factor in our social conduct. A little instance may sometimes illustrate a large principle. There is an almost appalling significance in the fact that the wretched suburban general servant was jocularly called "the slavey." Consider her life! Within the house there was no time she could call her own, there was no place she could call her own. She was buried in a basement kitchen by day and immured in a kind of cupboard at night. She was denied the ordinary instincts of a human being. She was credited with no feelings or ideas, she was rarely and grudgingly let out for an evening, and a "follower" meant ignominious dismissal. The idea underlying general domestic service was the idea of an inferior creature without rights, in almost complete subjection. It was essentially the idea of slavery. Now apply this to greater matters. When "labour" troubles arise, the great general instinct, even among those who are wage-earners of the "respectable" kind, is a feeling of indignation that "these fellows" should dare to assume the privileges of their betters. Except with a small minority there is no attempt to understand the points at issue, the case being always prejudged against labour in a feeling of resentment that "these fellows" should presume to have rights or points or a case at all; and the commonly propounded remedy is that they should be put against a wall and shot. That is to say, the root instinct of modern society is still for a system of slavery. The other day a county councillor said at a public meeting that as the great majority of elementary school children would have to go into manual labour they did not need education. There you have the instinct for slavery at work in another form. It seems to me that the greatest need of the modern world is not for a change in this or that machinery of government, but simply for a change of heart. We must eradicate this instinct for slavery. It is a fatal instinct; for in all history it is written that those who use the slave shall perish by the slave. But before conversion must come the conviction of sin; and towards a clear recognition of things as they are such a volume as this will helpfully contribute.

GEORGE SAMPSON.

* "Our Social Heritage." By Graham Wallas. 12s. 6d. net. (Allen & Unwin.)

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* "The Education of Eric Lane." By Stephen McKenna. 8s. 6d. net. (Hutchinson.)—"The Green Bough." By E. Temple Thurston. 8s. 6d. net. (Cassell.)

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little deep feeling. However, he scarcely deserves a Lady Barbara, and is to be congratulated on his escape.

"The Green Bough" is a study of a very different kind of woman—strong, elemental and passionate, with the primitive passion which fulfils itself when it has accomplished the purpose for which it was born. She lives her life according to her ideals, and though many would condemn her actions few would refuse to give her respect and admiration. At the age of twenty-nine Mary Throgmorton has never loved or been loved. Fate has placed her—one of four sisters—in a position where she meets no one, and has no knowledge of life or of conditions outside the little Devon village where she was born. When Julius Liddiard comes into her life and wins her love, she surrenders to him (although she knows he is married) deliberately and gladly, and asks nothing from him beyond what she gives. After his departure she discovers she is going to have a child. She is not dismayed but triumphant, and her love for Liddiard dies when he writes to her and speaks of it as a catastrophe, offering to help her to conceal the fact from others. She declines his help and goes away to bear and rear her child. She is not penniless, but she works on a farm for her boy and herself, until—twelve years later—Liddiard reappears, offering to educate the boy, John, and make him his heir. He tells her his wife knows everything and is willing that he should do this. Mary fights against the idea of her boy being taken from her, but eventually consents. Eleven years later John is killed in France and she is left desolate. The book is a careful analysis of the awakening of a woman to what is, to her, the whole meaning of life, and her instinctive revolt against a civilisation which makes it impossible for a woman to fulfil her destiny unless she is hedged round and "protected" by the laws of convention and marriage. The arguments are not new and will not convince anyone who has not held them before, but Mary is a fine and noble woman, and infinitely above the finished product of present day "society."

LEWIS MELVILLE.

MEREDITHIANS RAMPANT.*

Dr. Crees, who is, judging by his preface, a schoolmaster at Hereford, has in this well-produced volume printed or reprinted twelve of his essays. The first is of uncommon type, being a review of the reviews of his former book on George Meredith, together with a re-expounding of his views on Meredith as a writer—not as a man, for of that aspect of his subject he knows nothing beyond what he has read in published books.

Although he is ranked as an enthusiastic Meredithian, Dr. Crees denies the soft impeachment, and avers he has but two of the master's novels on his bookshelves. Nevertheless he is well acquainted with a good deal of his subject, and offers many apt and interesting comments on Meredith's prose and poetry.

Dr. Crees pays me the compliment of devoting his second essay to a consideration of my book on George Meredith, but I do not flatter myself that he regards me with any approval beyond my choice of "the excellent photographs" which illustrate my book. In fact, he exudes ink-wells of scholastic and unholy glee at what he fondly believed to be the final extinction of my work. He says:

> "The fate of Mr. Ellis has been to appear as the chief actor in a fiasco, and that book which was to set forth in final and authoritative fashion the facts of Meredith's life has disappeared with an apology for infringement of copyright and incorrect implications into the limbo which is reserved for those books which never come to birth and, with them, for books which never live after birth."

I am honoured with a Latin tag—"*Habent sua fata libelli*"; and am informed, "Such is the undignified end of a book whose birth was announced with such a flourish of trumpets." But hard facts being irrefutable, Dr. Crees is compelled to add in a foot-note the unpalatable news that my reprehensible book was reborn in a new edition last year. That is a kind advertisement, and about the only accurate statement Dr. Crees makes about me. Not only is he grossly inaccurate throughout most of his review, but even guilty of hitting below the belt in order to score a point against an opponent—which is a sad and naughty practice for a schoolmaster who presumably claims to run his seminary on the lines of "muscular Christianity."

For example. In order to prove his belief of my deficiencies as a Meredithian critic, Dr. Crees asserts that I said I found "One of Our Conquerors" *difficult to read*: what I actually said was the exact opposite—"Personally I find *no* difficulty in reading 'One of Our Conquerors.'" In another place Dr. Crees, when dealing with "Evan Harrington" and Major Strike, puts some words in inverted commas as if they were a quotation from my book: as a matter of veracity, no such sentence occurs there. In view of these "methods of barbarism" in criticism, it is perhaps supererogatory to animadvert on Dr. Crees's inaccuracies of a minor description, such as naming Meredith's father-in-law *Matthew* Love Peacock, and speaking of Dr. Shrapnel's letters at Beckley Court.

Dr. Crees fails as a critic of biographical work because he is unable to understand that a biography, to be of any value, must present both the lights and shades in the subject's character; a whitewashing performance is fatuous and useless. Every man, however great and virtuous, has serious faults in his human composition, and Meredith was no exception to the rule.

Because Dr. Crees admires Meredith's literary work it does not follow that a biography of Meredith must gloze over the fact that there were some hard and unpleasant qualities in his nature, and that he was by no means an ideal example in family relationships. My aim in writing the book was to be strictly impartial. Dr. Crees, profound critic, thinks I had a grudge against Meredith and says I snipe at Meredith from behind cover, "willing to wound yet afraid to strike." I have no grudge against Meredith, for I never saw him, and he only knew of my existence through some correspondence we had. My grandparents—the originals of the Strikes—died long before I was born, so I am not likely to feel very keenly the grievances they might have entertained had they read "Evan Harrington." Dr. Crees makes not a single allusion to the many warm and enthusiastic tributes I paid to Meredith's literary work, to his supreme love and interpretation of Nature, and to his undoubted genius for friendship with a select band of notable men and women.

Dr. Crees can never get away from the manner of the schoolmaster in his writings—that self-opinionated, supercilious manner which is acquired by long years of autocracy over sycophantic classes of young boys who are compelled to swallow, without power of verbal dissent, whatever didactic nonsense or erroneous opinions their pedagogues propound. This particular manner is admirably exemplified in Dr. Crees's contemptuous article on the novels of Mr. J. D. Beresford, in which there is also an attempt to pay off a rankling grievance. Apparently Mr. Beresford reviewed Dr. Crees's first book on Meredith in a style unsatisfactory to the author, who retaliates with an elaborate thesis in the endeavour to prove how feeble Mr. Beresford's novels are in comparison with Meredith's—as if Mr. Beresford or anyone else ever perceived any similitude between the two writers.

Dr. Crees is at his best, and most amusing, in "The Smoke Nuisance," for here the intolerance and unreason of the crank are intentionally exaggerated, with very humorous results.

S. M. ELLIS.

* "Meredith Revisited, and Other Essays." By J. H. E. Crees, D.Lit. 12s. 6d. net. (Cobden-Sanderson.)

DUMBARTONSHIRE TWO.*

This, the second volume of Mr. Irving's revised History of Dumbartonshire, continues the story of the county and burgh to the close of the eighteenth century. It was a praiseworthy and patriotic conception to give to natives

* "Dumbartonshire: County and Burgh." Part II. By John Irving. 21s. (Bennett & Thomson.)

and lovers of his shire what is practically a new work, though confessedly based on that which his father gave to the public "sixty years since." With diligent painstakingness and a passionate desire for accuracy, the reviser has brought together everything of note and interest pertaining to the Lennox—Levenax—that "field of the Leven" whereon some conspicuous events in Scottish history were enacted. Part II summarises all that can be said about Dumbartonshire in the old Roman days, as well as when it was the arena of the doings of the early Christian kingdom of Strathclyde and of the later consolidating of the Kingdom of Scotland. Robert the Bruce was a Dumbartonshire resident, and died at Cardross in 1329, "in peace," since "I am assured that the best and most valiant knight of my kingdom has promised to achieve for me that which I myself could never accomplish"—the depositing of Bruce's heart in the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem, a mission which gallantly failed, as every schoolboy knows. It is curious to find Bruce enjoining his son, within a week or two of his demise, to bury his heart "at Melrose." As to his change of mind there can be no doubt. Yet Melrose has the precious dust in its keeping, after all.

By far the most instructive chapter is that dealing with the clan conflicts in Dumbartonshire. The bold MacGregors are chiefly in evidence here, and the story is retold of that greatest MacGregor of them all, Rob Roy who, unlike so many of his predatory race, passed away in his bed at Balquidder. The Covenanting and ecclesiastical turmoils of the nation come within their own local purview, and the story of the gradual settlement and development of the county after the rebellions of the 'Fifteen and the 'Forty-Five bring the section down to the year 1800. Part III will conclude the work. Excellent illustrations and a map of the original Lennox earldom add to the value of an extremely useful and intelligently compiled record of pronounced vitality and progress and prosperity. At page 167 the author has apparently confused the prophet Merlin with the much later bard, Thomas the Rhymer.

W. S. CROCKETT.

A VOICE FROM THE ORIENT.*

The editor of a gorgeous reprint of FitzGerald's "Omar Khayyám" thought it passing strange that the Persian astronomer-poet, whose quatrains as treated by dear old Fitz breathe quite a modern spirit, should have lived at the time of the Norman conquest. One of Mr. A. C. Benson's reviewers drew his attention to the equally remarkable fact that Abu 'l-'Ala al-Ma'arri was a contemporary of King Canute. Since al-Ma'arri was as much in advance of his time as Omar Khayyám, is by some critics regarded as Omar's precursor, and occasionally wrote in much the same vein, there was a fair excuse for coupling the two names. A disquisition on the life and works of al-Ma'arri fills the greater part of Dr. Nicholson's present work which, in this respect, may be taken as a welcome and valuable appendix to his "Literary History of the Arabs" brought out eleven years ago.

An Arab, born near Aleppo A.D. 973, a contemporary, therefore, not only of Canute but of Avicenna, "prince of physicians," and of al-Biruni, historian of India, al-Ma'arri excelled as a poet, a scholar, and philosopher in days when learning and literature in Europe were all but extinct. In Dr. Nicholson's judgment he is of the school of Dante and Milton, and one who, if he contemplated life with the profound feeling of Lucretius, handled his subject with a literary skill as fine as that of Horace. This is not the appreciation of a solitary admirer. By Orientals his genius has always been recognised, nor has he been overlooked by Western students of Eastern literature. As "Aboulola" he was given a place in D'Herbelot's famous "Bibliothèque Orientale," published before the end of the seventeenth century. There, it is said,

* "Studies in Islamic Poetry." By Reynold Alleyn Nicholson, Litt.D., LL.D. 26s. net. (Cambridge University Press.)

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'c'est le plus habile des poëtes Arabes au jugement des sçavans en cette langue"; and a couple of well-chosen extracts from his chief work are added, translated into French. In later times German Orientalists, one after another, extolled him with unusual unanimity till at last, in 1889, Von Kremer proclaimed him one of the greatest moralists of all time, whose profound genius anticipated much that is commonly regarded as the so-called modern spirit of enlightenment.

Highly as Dr. Nicholson esteems al-Ma'arri he does not altogether approve of Von Kremer's estimate, and his objections are set forth with commendable lucidity. What is more, his English versions of over three hundred typical extracts from the poet's "Meditations" enable those to whom the original is a sealed book to judge for themselves; while the same passages, printed in Arabic in the appendix, will be of immense use to anyone who is seriously studying the language. No less interesting and instructive is the account of al-Ma'arri's long and embittered life, or the masterly sketch of political and social conditions in the Middle East when, to quote his words, he was journeying through life's gloom. He died at the age of eighty-five, and had been blind from his boyhood, the after effect of smallpox. Notwithstanding the loss of sight his erudition brought him a host of pupils, some of whom themselves became celebrated. Nor did blindness hinder him from visiting Bagdad, though it prevented his gaining any worldly advantage from the excursion. It was there, however, in all probability that he mixed with wise men from a further East; Hindus who may have helped to shake his faith, never too sure, in the orthodox creed of Islam and to convince him of the benefits of cremation and the wholesomeness of a strictly vegetarian diet. Precursor or not of Omar Khayyám, he was a precursor of Mr. Eustace Miles. Beginning, indeed, by abstaining from the flesh of animals he came presently to eschew milk, eggs and honey, holding that the consumption of such viands is unjust to the creatures producing them.

It is not, however, because he was a rigid vegetarian that al-Ma'arri will be honoured by posterity. There are other reasons for numbering him among eminent men of letters. In all Arabic literature, a competent critic has said, there is no other voice like his. It was raised to assert the rights of reason against the claims of tradition and authority. He denounced the hypocrisy of ecclesiastics and the greed of courtiers. He did not fear to provoke the wrath of the yet more powerful when he declared that princes were the servants of those they ruled. Of his mournful pessimism and disbelief in a future life there is no space here to speak, but a brief quotation may be permitted:

> "O star, in heaven thou shinest from of old,
> And point'st a flawless moral to the wise.
> Death's fixed and certain date thou hast foretold,
> Then why not tell us when the dead shall rise?"

"An excellent quære," the author of "Religio Medici" might have said, "to pose to the devil of Delphos."

STEPHEN WHEELER.

POETS OF PROMISE.*

Recently the literary world has been beset on all sides with the latest productions of the juvenile mind. Miss Daisy Ashford's "The Young Visiters" seems to have led the fashion. There may be a possibility of this child precocity extending to the domain of the theatre. It will be diverting to read in the papers at some future date the announcement that the new three-act comedy by a young lady of ten is expected shortly at one of the West End theatres, or to the effect that Toddy and Budge have collaborated in a new revue, which, it is predicted, will be an immediate and pronounced success. What a busy time interviewers will have to look forward to when they hunt up the authors of what Mr. Gosse has so wittily labelled "bassinette babblings." It has been said that many clever men have large noses, but every man with a large nose is not, on that account, necessarily clever. Likewise, there is evidence that genius is somehow abler than most people to drink of the elixir of eternal youth. But every youth is not a genius because he happens to be young, though it is from belief in the reverse of that statement the present rage for juvenile literature has sprung. Then again, one has to discriminate between the stammerings of mere infancy and the more assured utterances of youth.

These reflections have come to mind as I read the most recent production of youth, hailed by Mr. Masefield[1] in no uncertain terms of welcome and encouragement. I am inclined to think Mr. Masefield's enthusiasm "o'erleaps itself" for, while much of what he writes may be applied to several of the poems in this book, as many of the efforts scarcely warrant the exaggerated appreciation implied by his introduction. There was a time when it was the ideal of every schoolboy to express himself in weak imitations of the Swinburnian rhythms. It is very apparent that a number of the colleagues in this venture have been satiating themselves with the "new verse" movement. There remains little doubt of the astonishing accomplishment here and there, especially when one considers it the work of schoolboys, though it may be questionable if it be the critic's duty to observe that consideration.

Mr. Edmund Blunden is one of the present-day poets whose promise and progress in the poetic art one watches with unusual interest. The distinguishing features of his rustic Muse are simplicity of theme and a mature outlook, both welded together by an individual method of expression. The fragrance of the English country-side, the rural sights and sounds and aroma are atmospherically reproduced in his flowing numbers. There are the glad spontaneity and ease which result from an art form that claims a recognisable kinship with the grace of Mr. W. H. Davies's work. Among the many notable pieces that make up the volume,[2] the most finished performance is the eerie narrative poem, "The Silver Bird of Herndyke Mill," which should take a worthy place beside Mr. Thomas Hardy's legendary poem, "The Lost Pyx." In the first verse we are at once ushered into the lonesome atmosphere:

> "By Herndyke Mill there haunts, folk tell,
> A strange and silver-breasted bird;
> Her call is like a silver bell,
> So sweet a bell was never heard,—
> The Silver Bird of Herndyke Mill,
> That flies so fast against the blast,
> And scares the stoat with one soft note—
> To hear her sends the heart's blood chill."

Touches of landscape imbued with the eerie glamour of magic reveal Mr. Blunden's facile mastery in creating the appropriate background for his theme:

> "The water shone, the stars looked on,
> The footfall in the coppice died;
> A bat swerved oddly and was gone,
> A half-awakened night-wind sighed;
> The miller with his heavy tread
> Was nearly to his threshold yew,
> A dor flew by with crackling cry
> And chilled him with a sort of dread."

In one place Mr. Blunden has unfortunately perpetrated a pun, whether consciously or unconsciously one cannot say, but it mars the beautiful lyric nuances of "Leisure":

> "To-morrow—but to-day, to-day is young.
> Still nods the sunflower, still the church owls prey."

Everywhere in this book the poet shows evidence that in this completed performance, as well as in the promise shown of even better things to come from him, his name is one to be respected among present-day bards.

When we turn to Mr. Malloch's book,[3] we find it less easy to accord his verse unqualified praise. He rides his Pegasus unevenly. His Muse wanders uphill and down dale in an undulating fashion. In certain pieces he transports us to heights, but we are given time only to glance cursorily at

*[1] "Public School Verse, 1919–1920." An Anthology. With an introduction by John Masefield. 3s. 6d. net. (Heinemann.)—[2] "The Waggoner, and Other Poems." By Edmund Blunden. 5s. net. (Sidgwick & Jackson.)—[3] "Poems." By George Reston Malloch. 7s. 6d. net. (Heinemann.)—[4] "Isabelle, and Other Poems." By Will Foster. 5s. net. (Grant Richards.)

the view he spreads before us, and with a sudden start we are on the steep downward track. Mr. Malloch is most successful in his realistic verse, picturing metropolitan scenes. In "London, 1914" the concentrated impressionism of city life and ways shows an accomplished pen :

> "While the unceasing long ranks of the people
> Pour to and fro, young and old, in the lamplight,
> Shabby and prosperous, sober and frivolous,
> Here a stout matron, here a girl flashing
> Challenge from eyes that invite to encounter,
> While a man hesitates, scenting adventure :
> Hawkers who cry at the edge of the pavement
> Baskets of flowers that bloom out of season,
> Roses in winter and violets bringing
> Whisper of Spring in the mirk of December :
> Glittering bars where the doors swinging open
> Loosen a roar of inebriate voices,
> Theatres under whose brilliance inviting
> Coils a long snake of folk waiting to enter,
> Here and there, sombre, unlit and religious,
> Spires shooting up from the churches to heaven."

One or two of the poems, especially "Sir Christopher Wren," are dimly suggestive of Browning's dramatic lyrics. If Mr. Malloch's steed could only be kept on a level upland, one feels his poetry would be of more account, but, none the less, the present volume augurs well for his future achievement and anticipates that his early fruits will yet ripen to a richer hue.

At last we have come across a poet of the younger school who uses blank verse and rhetoric in an unconventional, colloquial manner, and not as though it were a jig-saw puzzle. Mr. Will Foster's play, "Isabelle,"[4] shows remarkable promise in its sustained dialogue, deft characterisation and poetic invention. The poems forming the remainder of the book show a technique which, when matured, may be the means of securing for Mr. Foster a sure place among modern poets.

W. M. PARKER.

MARIONETTES.*

You must not pinch or stab these creations of Henley's and Stevenson's. They are stuffed with sawdust. It is positive that Stevenson must have known that : the man who wrote "The Master of Ballantrae" knew flesh and blood : whether Henley was so cunning may be doubted. In his poems no person intrudes on his own emotions and thoughts, except those few whom his affection includes, as it were, in himself : in the essays he is more concerned with the acts, the gestures, the attitudes, the avowals of his persons than with themselves. He has no idea of Burns as he might be in the loneliness of some moment of spiritual depression, or of Fielding in his efforts at squaring the wisdom of his philosophy with the cynical facts of experience. Henley himself was almost entirely free from introspection, and in consequence he had no real sense of drama. For the dramatist's motive is always psychological, though his methods demand action.

Of the four plays "Beau Austin" is incomparably the worst. It will not compare, either for lightness or distinction, with such a trifle as "Monsieur Beaucaire." Of the other three "Macaire" has no little skill in the presentation of the world which Henley knew how to slay and count his soul lost ; "Deacon Brodie" is a melodrama which threatens once or twice to come to life, and "Admiral Guinea" can stir those who are not too old to be thrilled by the sinister tap of Pew's stick. In method none of the plays attempt to be aught but old-fashioned. "Beau Austin" is full of soliloquies and fine speeches, confrontations and avoidances, and ends with a tableau which perfectly combines the unreality of the Surrey side drama with the unreality of eighteenth century sentiment. "Deacon Brodie" has some fine Scotch scenery in it ; but the absurdity of the Deacon's character, his completely unexplained submission to the threats of a man whom he

* "Plays." By W. E. Henley. 12s. net. (Macmillan.)—"Views and Reviews." By W. E. Henley. 12s. net. (Macmillan.)

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could evidently have had imprisoned, prevent the play from having anything but an interest of incident. And there are incidents which have the right kind of melodramatic thrill, as when Brodie is caught burglaring his friend Leslie's house.

Still one turns with relief to "Admiral Guinea" and "Macaire," for here the authors had subjects where there was a strong convention ready to their hands. Henley was soaked in the vernacular literature of England and Scotland, and his handling of the dialogue in both these plays shows a virtuosity which atones for its complete lack of verisimilitude. The speeches of old John Gaunt, and the savage, sinister beastliness of Pew are excellent artifice. Henley here forestalled in words the revival of that artfully simple mode which we have seen since in such decoration as Mr. Lovat Fraser's for "The Beggar's Opera." The complete absence of veracity in such a play as "Admiral Guinea" provokes a reality of its own. It is a strange world of oaths and rotund speeches and vows, but a world with a certain modest beauty and a certain swaggering courage. One would like to see both "Macaire" and "Admiral Guinea" put on the stage again. It is a pity that this edition has not been more adequately edited. No explanation was given in the "Essays" as to what principle governed the selection of the work included; and in this volume there should have been appended some account of the stage history of the four plays.

To this edition there has now been added in one volume the miscellaneous essays and notes which comprised the two volumes of "Views and Reviews" on authors and artists. Some of these essays show Henley's talent for flashlight photography at its best; others, such as the notorious note on Thackeray, combine perversity of judgment with apathy of imagination to a degree never reached by a critic of eminence. All are written in that positive, affected way by which Henley convinces the young, and kept up his own conceit of his opinion. What one misses most is any note of finality, any evidence that the critic who could compare the later Tennyson with "the greater Shakespeare, the consummate Rembrandt, the unique Velasquez," ever had any trustworthy standards of appreciation.

WOMAN.*

If Mme. Marx's book had been called "Portrait of a Woman" it would have been a juster description, and it would have saved several eminent gentlemen the necessity of writing absurd estimates for the wrapper. It is not a revelation of the Soul of Woman. It has none of the uncanny quality which makes the male reader of "The Egoist" squirm in unwelcome self-knowledge. It is not even as penetrating as other studies of adolescence of less acclaimed position, as "Hilda Lessways," for example. But it is obviously as thorough, as honest and as complete a study of a character as thought and pains have enabled the author to make it.

The heroine (unfurnished with any name, which makes discussion clumsy) is probably the most entire and complacent egoist in literature. Her parents, her husband, her lover, her child, her maidservant, are merely "copy" for her experience. Innocent of one tremor of either humour or irony, she records with great seriousness everything she feels about them, but they are so little realised that there are several pages where we are uncertain which of the two men she is referring to. Perhaps this astonishing impermeability is best demonstrated in the phrase where she explains to her lover that she cannot go away with him because her lawful husband is "necessary to my effulgence," an explanation with which both men are apparently satisfied. She asserts with rather tedious iteration, "I am free! Freedom!" As a matter of fact she is imprisoned closely in her own mind. She never emerges for more than a second into the tides of feeling that are sweeping others this way and that. There are a few brief moments, as she breaks out in fury at the dullness of the average evening party, or as she studies the dingy audience at a woman's meeting, when she seems to understand that there is a world beyond the circumference of her catalogued perceptions. But in a moment we are discussing what she feels about what her friend feels about the meeting, and the great company of mankind are forgotten.

"Woman" is not a stupid book. There are some fine and tender pieces of description and scenery. And although the heroine is so self-occupied, it is impossible for anyone to have all their emotions unique, and some that few own to while many experience, are told with honesty and point. But as a whole the story drives heavily and the atmosphere is fatiguing. The single personality which can endure so prolonged and minute a study must be both complex and spacious. There is no complexity and much that is cramped in the soul of the subject of "Woman."

L. MASTERMAN.

* "Woman." By Magdeleine Marx. 7s. 6d. (Allen & Unwin.)

LEWIS HIND AND ART.*

About twenty years ago there used to appear week by week in *The Academy* a series of little paragraphs under the general heading of "Things Seen"—pictures-in-words of commonplace scenes and happenings which revealed an observant eye and a taste in the author for what Ruskin used to call "fine writing." It was only after he gave up the editorship in 1903 that it became generally known that Mr. C. Lewis Hind himself was responsible for what was long the most distinctive feature in his journal. Since then Mr. Lewis Hind has devoted his powers of perception and his gift for gossiping in print to the study of art. Though he has written for newspapers and has published many volumes about pictures and picture-makers, it would be inexact to describe him as an art critic; for criticism implies judging, and Mr. Hind is too kind-hearted to pronounce a verdict on any man.

He describes himself perfectly in one of the papers in his latest volume:

"I am not a critic at all. I am an appreciator, and I assume it to be the duty of a critic to do as M. Anatole France does—to narrate the adventures of my soul among masterpieces. . . . It does not interest me to compare one work with another. . . . My way is to seek one thing, some work that arouses my interest, and to base my article on that alone."

The volume under review is simply a collection of articles built up on this principle. It would be idle to try to find in the book any deliberate purpose, any well-sustained argument leading to a definite conclusion. Like a graceful butterfly Mr. Hind flits from artist to artist, finding some sweetness in each, pausing just long enough for us to note the beauty of the flower on which he settles, and then fluttering off again to hover with impartial unconcern over the rarest orchid or the humblest daisy. His performance is not that of the bee; he constructs no cell, he stores up no honey for the winter months, for him the shining hour is to be enjoyed, not improved, and unless we are prepared to take pleasure in the butterfly for its own sake we shall be puzzled to find an economic justification for the pretty little creature's existence.

But nobody really enjoys breaking a butterfly on a wheel, and it is invidious to judge a man who abstains so carefully from judging others. Let us follow Mr. Hind on some of his adventures and allow him to speak for himself:

"When I was last in Amsterdam I strolled to the rear of the Ryks Museum, hoping to find some Van Goghs in the modern department. There was a roomful of them—landscapes, startling in their vivid reality; figures, uncannily alive; interiors so simply realistic that one could almost walk into them; and a group of those wonderful dishes of fruit, swelling, huge, seeming to hold within themselves all the ripeness and richness of harvest. I know not whether Cézanne or Van Gogh was the inventor of these colossal, yet small, still-life pieces that have so taken the fancy of the younger artists of to-day. Everybody is doing them now."

* "Art and I." By C. Lewis Hind. 10s. 6d. (John Lane.)

Here we have Mr. Hind at his best and worst. The merely objective or historical critic would explain that Cézanne was so much older that he had produced fruit-pieces before Van Gogh began to paint; but Mr. Hind does not bother himself with these details—they mean nothing to him; he is concerned only with the works that arouse his interest, and he sums up the qualities in these which arrest him in a few happy words, the figures "uncannily alive," interiors you "could almost walk into." And then there is the final irrelevant phrase, so characteristic of the butterfly—"Everybody is doing them now."

Mr. Hind is off again, and the worst of it is we know he will be just as enthusiastic about the everybodies as the somebodies. That is why the younger artists clamouring for recognition have so good a friend in Mr. Hind.

FRANK RUTTER.

Novel Notes.

THE HEEL OF ACHILLES. By E. M. Delafield. 8s. 6d. (Hutchinson.)

"'I am an orphan,' reflected Lydia Raymond with immense satisfaction." This is the opening sentence of Miss Delafield's new novel, and reveals everything. Lydia is an egotistical puss, even from childhood; complacent and self-absorbed. In her young days she grows up beside a very rare old man—her grandfather—who taught her several things about the world. "She soon found out with Grandpapa she might be her own shrewd little cynical self." We follow Lydia through her schooldays to the great moment when she embarks upon a career in London as book-keeper to a milliner. She then enters a boarding-house, kept by the brown-eyed, plaintive Miss Nettleship. Miss Delafield draws a careful picture of life among dusty aspidistras, at a poorly-laden table. Lydia, who continually sees herself as a heroine, enters into a gracious flirtation with a fellow-boarder—"a Greek gentleman, Mr. Margoliouth"—and allows him to take her to cinemas and to hold her hand. Presently a Greek wife appears, to hunt her husband up, and Lydia, realising the real situation, is merely furiously indignant at being made to look a fool before the guests at the boarding-house. A girl at the hat-shop, about this time, tells Lydia what she thinks of her. "What an inhuman kid you are! I've been watching you, ever since you came to us . . . you're awfully sweet and nice to everyone, and never say cattish things about anyone—but what's it all *for*? You don't care a damn for anybody that I can see. . . . I don't believe you know what caring for anyone means." Lydia remains self-satisfied, writes a successful book, and goes as secretary to Sir Rupert Honeret, where she meets a young and handsome clergyman—Clement Damerel. They marry, and it is here that the book grows most interesting. Damerel is above Lydia socially, and when she accepts him she feels "an increasing satisfaction glowing within her." She is sweet to Lady Lucy, his mother, and gives up authorship (as it does not seem the thing in Devonshire circles to write). But her own daughter proves too much for her; she is a rebellious little soul. Also a change creeps gradually and almost imperceptibly over her husband; he ceases to make demands upon her. The daughter grows up and is alienated by Lydia's crafty, burdensome methods, and the book closes on rather a tragic note. Miss Delafield has done better, clearer-cut work than this; but her *motif* is good. It is always difficult to write round an unsympathetic heroine, and she has done it well. Some of the minor characters are sketched with ability.

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has taken the more difficult course of giving his fancy free rein, and you can never be sure what kind of story is coming from him next. Some of his tales have been of old-world romance, some of sheer faery and fantasy; in "Such Stuff as Dreams" he mingled fantasy and realism; in "Mrs. Bente," the ablest of his books, he was uncompromisingly realistic; and in "The Iron Bell" he tells a realistic story that, for all its greyness, is touched with a romance of sentiment. Elizabeth Pratt is a sort of up-to-date Cinderella, a gentle little household drudge who is harried and enslaved by her father and mother, befriended openly or secretly by the good-natured Aunt Custance, and championed by that cheery, glorious person, the lodger—Mr. Burkley, The various characters are admirably drawn; the story is a simple story of common life. Elizabeth grows up within sound of the clock of the workhouse at the end of the road, and the gaunt shadow of the workhouse is over all her history and, in the footsteps of her old grandmother, her aunt and her father, she is driven to it herself at last. It is a bitter moment when the chivalrous Burkley, who had unfailingly stood her friend, misunderstands the position at the crisis and, passing her with a kindly greeting, leaves her to go the bleak way those others of her family had trodden. We had expected Mr. Lawrence would temper her vicissitudes and, with the prosperous Burkley as god in the machine, give us the happy ending he had almost seemed to promise, but Burkley is obtuse and the worst is allowed to happen. There is a charm of simplicity and youth about Elizabeth, and so much of sympathy in the relation of her chequered career that one's interest is held throughout. The tragedy of poverty is over it all, but Mr. Lawrence is not blind to the soul of goodness in things evil and writes with such a broad love of humanity as gives something of beauty to his drabbest scenes and his saddest incidents.

SHADOW AND SUNLIGHT. By E. L. Grant Watson. 7s. 6d. net. (Jonathan Cape.)

The landscape and seascape panorama with which the Pacific dazzles the imagination have left, as a rule, all too little scope for anything else, and that is why so many tropical novels in this region hitherto have fallen short of anything beyond the merely picturesque. In the present case Mr. Grant Watson shows perfect familiarity with the splendours of the tropic seas "down under," but he makes his motive a conflict of East and West in the persons of his two main characters. James Blunt, planter and hedonist, has long ago found wealth and abandoned the beliefs of his fathers, preferring self-indulgence on pagan lines under the cover of a philosophic interest in the life and crude superstitions of the islanders. Matherson, the missionary, and the only other white man on the island, obtains his consent to write and ask if Blunt's people at home know no white woman ready to come out and share his lot. This brings out Eva Dixon, a high-minded woman, not so unattractive as she pretends, and fully alive to the underlying suggestion that the appointment as Blunt's housekeeper is a stage of probation leading to matrimony. The reaction from the savage company he has been keeping hastens his surrender, but, woman-like, she surrenders in her turn, and remorse breaks down her faith in herself and the efficacy of her religion as a shield against the fury of the native women she has supplanted. The more that Blunt resists her appeal to him to return to Christianity, the more he is impelled to protect her from the dangers which he feels he has brought upon her, and at last the evil atmosphere of hostility around them culminates in an attack from which there is no escape but death. At the moment of seeming defeat, however, Eva's religion comforts her with the thought that her sacrifice is an expiation, and the West vanquishes the East in a spiritual sense. Mr. Grant Watson never spoils his effect by descending to didactics, and never impairs his characters by making them merely the mouthpiece of an attitude or phase of mind. The story is a genuine piece of artistry from beginning to end.

THE JOURNAL OF HENRY BULVER. By Cherry Veheyne. 7s. 6d. (Collins.)

The story of a genius, given in the form of extracts from his journal. Unfortunately they exhibit no sign of his powers, which, we are assured, were tremendous; they only show a wild, erratic, restless being, who exclaims now and again something to this effect: "The ache in my brain is almost intolerable. It seems drawn to such a tension that if something does not snap, I must pierce it myself, to relieve the strain." Bulver writes successfully; in fact, in the introduction we are told that he was "the talk and admiration of two continents." Nothing said in the journal has any hint of it. The love affairs with different women, the swift adorations, the sudden loathings, the abandonment to drink, are described grimly and with vigour, and every now and then the writing falls into this sort of inconsequent vein: "I had no idea what we were talking about; she may have known. I believe it was supposed to be very clever, wit so delicate that I personally never saw it full face. Still, you must talk like that nowadays, or they think you hail from the year dot."

TORCHLIGHT: REVOLUTION. By Baroness Leonie Aminoff. 8s. net. (Dent.)

Baroness Leonie Aminoff has found a magnificent and ambitious theme—no less than an imaginative reconstruction of the period that gave France her Revolution, her Directoire and her Napoleon. This volume is the introductory one of a series, and serves to set the stage for the entrance of Napoleon, whose name occasionally floats across the pages in casual reference from one or another of the dramatis personæ. The action begins in 1788 and centres upon Térézia "Carrabus," aged fifteen and on the point of marriage to the Marquis de Fontenay. This takes on significance when the reader realises that Térézia is the lady of ecstatic beauty and wit who later became Madame Tallien and *Notre Dame de Thermidor*, and still later the Princesse de Chimay. Madame Aminoff gives a remarkably lively portrayal of the domestic side of the palpitating years 1788-1794, viewed from the focus of Térézia's doings and much through her eyes. The lady herself is certainly a lively piece, and the portrait of Tallien is no less strong and compelling, and one side of the epoch, its corruptness, its frivolity and violence, is most adequately brought before the reader. It is perhaps a pity that the writer has laid so exclusive an emphasis on this ugly aspect of the period, neglecting the noble ardours that blazed at the same time. Her sympathy is heavily against Robespierre and Tallien. The present reader has been greatly intrigued by the helpful jailer Joseph. Who is it? And he has greatly missed the Baron de Batz. So he is now agog to know—*is Joseph the Baron de Batz?* He has hopes.

THE LIGHT THAT NEVER FAILED. By Arthur E. Stilwell. 7s. 6d. net. (Jarrolds.)

Twice it happened to Henry Waterall to discover a gold mine. On the second occasion, when a landslide disclosed a rich seam, he made all haste to cover it up with soil, and refused to make any use of it. The experiences that led to this surprising decision form the subject of this story, which is a curious mixture of somewhat wild imagination and well-recorded observation and first-hand knowledge. When first he struck gold, nothing would content Wetherall but to leave his Australian backwoods and set out to see and enjoy the life of the larger world. At one time he all but sank under the temptations of his position, but he came of good stock and his native sense pulled him out of the mire. His marriage to Felice Royston brought him to London, when, to gratify his wife's inordinate ambition, he tried to enter society, paid lavishly to charity and party funds, and blossomed into knighthood. The sudden failure of the mine killed Felice, and Sir Henry returned to his old home where Mary Lucas was waiting for him and where a comfortable living was available from the paternal sheep-folds. It was then that the second discovery was made and was sternly concealed. At critical moments in his life Wetherall was invariably guided aright by a mysterious dream-light.

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BAKER'S GREAT BOOKSHOP, John Bright St., Birmingham

HAGAR'S HOARD. By George Kibbe Turner. 8s. 6d. net. (Heinemann.)

"Hagar's Hoard" deals with a highly original situation—that of an old miser, his daughter and his son caught by an epidemic of yellow fever in the Mississippi town of Memphis in 1878. The old man is torn between love of his daughter, which prompts him to take her out of danger, and love of his money, which urges him to remain. And the daughter, with the obstinacy of weakness, opposes her *vis inertiæ* to any effort made to force her to leave alone. Now a single situation of this kind is the subject for a longish *conte*, and could quite adequately be described in from 70 to 100 pages. Unfortunately Mr. Turner spins out his story till it runs to 300 pages, to a gradual evaporation of interest. Yet the book is uncommonly interesting; it catches the atmosphere of a plague-stricken city so admirably. The picture of the hot, sweltering, half-deserted town, and of the miser's house, shut tight against the poisonous night air, and closer and closer encircled by the flare of the fever fires, has a Defoe-like realism; while the portrait of the old miser, with his virulent hatred of niggers, is quite a triumph of sinister humour.

SWAMP BREATH. By Robert Simpson. 8s. 6d. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

The reader who enjoyed "The Bite of Benin" and staked on it his reputation with his friends, opens "Swamp Breath" with the question, "Will it be as good?" It is as good, or nearly as good. There are fewer mysteries and not so many big moments, but the whole is a most engrossing story. In it Mr. Simpson returns to the mangrove-bound heart of the Niger Delta, the Jakri and Sobo villages, the trading beaches crowded about with canoes and gesticulating natives, the house-lizards, the sand-flies, the greasy mud of the poison swamp. So quietly and unobtrusively are the details given that the atmosphere creeps in upon the reader unawares. The groundwork of the plot concerns the effects of a deadly native drug, called *yaka* water. The chief victim is the Provincial Commissioner, Barstow the Magnificent as he was known to his friends before the evil thing entered into his soul. Much skilful writing has gone to the making of Barstow's character and to that of his beautiful, self-centred wife. This is different work from "The Bite of Benin," but it is very effortless and very masterly, and only just misses being as effective.

The Bookman's Table.

VANESSA AND HER CORRESPONDENCE WITH JONATHAN SWIFT. Introduction by A. Martin Freeman. 7s. 6d. net. (Selwyn & Blount.)

It requires a light hand and a generous sympathy to approach Swift in criticism or inquiry. It is impossible to reduce to psychological analysis the insoluble mystery of his character, his erratic and wayward moods, or the agony of his searching remorse. Still less is it a grateful task to cheapen the women who loved him. To acknowledge that both he and they were the sorrowful victims of his irresistible personality is not to blame either, but to tender the reverent compassion which is their just homage. Mr. Freeman's impression of Swift as a dispassionate and coldly intellectual man—who apparently discounted any such wild probability as that of his pupil falling in love with him, even though he adapted his elderly sense to her playful and wistful moods—seems to detract from Swift's character half its rare charm. No man could write the letters to Stella and Vanessa, with which we are all familiar, without having an understanding and perception granted to few. The poignant regret uttered in mocking words, which so often startle our pity, are surely evidence of a mind tortured by the contradictions of life, and confused by the perplexity of conflicting desires. The truth of Vanessa's reproach (if it is hers)—"You have taught me to distinguish, and then you leave me miserable"—and his anxiety lest gossip should single her out, are all corroboration of deepest feeling. Vanessa's generosity in standing sponsor for her mother's or sister's debts is directly inconsistent with any act of meanness or revenge to one she loved. We prefer to ascribe the silence which befell the correspondence to Vanessa's own renunciation than to any ordinary "breach." For one capable of such love as hers, we would believe in her choosing silence rather than rebuff at the hands of Love himself.

TO THE LIVING DEAD. By E. Paterson Cranmer. (Daniel.)

Mrs. Paterson Cranmer's first book of poems contains some fine work. It is a temptation to quote:

"Her name
Was Love. I saw her pass
Flower-strange, star-sweet.
And on her breast she wore stained lilies,
And in her eyes were little pools of pain."

If some of the verse is immature there is not only promise here but performance; yet because of faulty lines the short pieces are better than the long. In these poems we have at least, however, what is lacking in so much of the work of to-day—real and deep feeling:

"Pity my unrest
And stay with me an hour. Alas, I know
You will elude me as the moon that slips
From the night's eager arms . . .
If you must go
Then leave, O maid! a dream upon my lips."

STORIES OF THE SAINTS. By Grace Hall. 4s. 6d. (Harrap.)

For children, young and old. It is absolutely essential, in making a résumé of the lives of the saints, that the writer should be a fervent believer, a person to whom some of the extravagances of the tales should not come amiss; and this collection is fortunate in its compiler. Miss Hall writes with the greatest zest, enthusiasm and devotion. No less than thirty-one saints have their stories outlined here—briefly, simply and with much animation. The saints' lives are followed up by a section entitled "The Saints and Their Humble Friends." Here Miss Hall writes charmingly of St. Roch and his Dog, St. Rigobert and his Goose, St. Felix and the Spider, and all the rest. We are particularly drawn to the story of St. Patrick: "What wonders he performed by the might of that sign of the Cross of Christ he so loved! It is said that he signed himself with it more than a hundred times daily and nightly. He traced it upon the waters—they were turned from foul to pure; he traced it in the air—demons fled; he drew it on the ground—it opened and swallowed up magicians; he drew it upon the dead—and they revived. And when he died, watching angels made the air so bright that no candle needed to be burned beside him." Here will be found also the curious tale of St. Ursula embarking with her eleven thousand virgins, attended by many prelates and a number of chivalrous knights. "A marvel it was to see how the maidens, miraculously taught, manned the ships, and with what skill they sailed them!"

VERSES AND BALLADS OF NORTH AND SOUTH. By the Rev. H. J. Boyd, M.A. 3s. 6d. (Elkin Mathews.)

As a host, Mr. Elkin Mathews may not lay down over much wine of poetry in his cellar, but when he cracks a bottle the quality is generally of the finest. He it was who gave us the rare vintage of Stephen Phillips's best, and that of many another poet who has since come to fame. The wine of "Verses and Ballads of North and South," by H. J. Boyd, is still, rather than sparkling, and stirs no Swinburnian riot in blood or brain, but it is rare in colour and fragrance, and if Mr. Boyd be not a great, he is at least a true poet:

"There are timid fingers tapping,
Tapping at my window-pane.
In her garments grey she's rapping
There—the little sister, Rain."

This is from "The Priest's Awakening," a poem in which, as in many others, Mr. Boyd gives expression to a fancy—

sometimes even to a caprice, that in delicacy and originality remind one of his great countryman, Sir James Barrie. With another great Scot he has not a little in common, as witness: "To My Sister, on receiving a copy of Verses by R. L. Stevenson, with a gift of Oatcakes." Here is the first stanza:

> "Thanks, my dear tittie, for the sang
> And cakes forby, o' oatmeal strang.
> Aince, in the days ahint us lang,
> My banes were built o' it.
> And, be the ditty richt or wrang,
> I lo'e the lilt o' it."

"Lilliard: A Ballad of the Liddle" and "The Rhyme of the Brothers" successfully attempt the recapture of what to-day is almost a lost art. Best of all, however, are the sonnets. Technically they are not equally perfect, for Mr. Boyd sometimes allows himself four rhymes instead of two in an octave, and once—only once—he falls from grace by rhyming "call" with "mystical." But such sonnets as "The Prisoner"—even if the *motif* remind us a little of Sir William Watson's lyric, "World Strangeness," "The Sea's Unrest," "June the Mother," "Respite" and "The Garden of Peace," are faultless in form and bold in conception. "Verses and Ballads of North and South" sufficiently prove Mr. Boyd to be a poet but, in a phrase of Rossetti's, "the swing of his arm is freer in prose than in verse." Readers who have marked, as many no doubt have, the great imaginative power, pathos, originality and beauty of his prose idylls in the *National Review* and other reviews and magazines will be likely to agree with the present writer that it is in prose, rather than in poetry, that Mr. Boyd is likeliest one day to come to fame.

ENCHANTER'S NIGHTSHADE. By J. B. Morton. 6s. 6d. net. (Philip Allan.)

"Yet if we write at all we must write of the things we love and that move us; for there is something that stirs in a man and makes him speak of such things, however feebly."

So says Mr. J. B. Morton, who has made a little book called "Enchanter's Nightshade," in which are many quaint sayings and some very beautiful ones. I have read a good many other things—prose and verse—from Mr. Morton's pen, but frankly this is the best of them. He may do better still in the future—there is plenty of time, I hope—but for the moment I am content. His book is not one to be gulped at a sitting; rather to be savoured delicately as (he will forgive me) a rich vintage. A company of six young men set out a-walking and a-talking. Stay, why do I say "young"? Mr. Morton answers me. "Youth . . . is a point of view," he says, and the point of view of this goodly company is that of glorious Youth—informed, it may be, by the wisdom of other lands and ancient days in so far as it may be gained by travel and books—but Youth always, gay and confident. A delightful book, a book of high adventure in farmyards and wild gaiety in sleepy villages . . . of sunshine and the singing of birds . . . of pipes and ale, and bread and cheese by the wayside . . . of happy talk with now and then a sigh . . . and here and there graceful verses. . . . Now, the Wonderful Six are men of the pen; therefore they approach the prosy at times; but it is then that Mr. Morton's skill saves him and averts the danger with a neat phrase. It is a charming book, and we await Mr. Morton's next production with a pleasant confidence.

Music.

THE DECLINE OF RICHARD STRAUSS.

By ANTHONY CLYNE.

Photo by E. O. Hoppé. **Dr. Richard Strauss.**

AS yet not the ordinary music-lover, but only the specialist, has become aware of an almost universal decadence in German music. This sterility, this relapse into outworn conventions, into superficial amiability, is not entirely the result of the war, though the collapse of German supremacy in music has doubtless been both accelerated and intensified by the actual struggle for political supremacy. It is the result of the spirit which caused the war. It is the penalty—who can doubt?—of the distortion of mentality and suppression of spirituality induced by those leaders of the nation whose materialistic creed laid waste a continent. Nowhere is this deterioration of German music more clearly manifest than in the compositions of Richard Strauss—he who we thought was to stand next to Wagner, who had won his way to recognition through many deterrents and despite Imperial distaste, which in Germany was indeed a drawback.

He appeared in the world of music as an avowed revolutionary, but a revolutionary of genius. Wagner had died in 1883, and there was no mighty creator of music to follow him. There were composers talented and earnest, but they caught no fresh rapture, released no new power. Then came that marvellous succession—"Don Quixote," "Till Eulenspiegel," "Heldenleben." Conventions were discarded audaciously but not impudently, for it was the audacity of original power. The pastoral scene in "Don Quixote," so magically real, true to the thinnest echo, attested the arrival of one of the world's greatest artists.

His personal career and circumstances were eminently favourable. He encountered unpopularity—enough not to crush his spontaneity of composition, but to provide that spur without which such a temperament is apt to languish. The Kaiser and especially the Kaiserin disliked him and his music, and their unfavourable regard produced ostracism in various quarters. It was very long before he became a member of the Berlin Academy. This opposition did not entail financial struggles, for Strauss inherited from his mother, descended from a wealthy family of Bavarian brewers, a fortune which has grown to many millions of marks; as he inherited doubtless something of his musical gift from his father, a member of a Munich orchestra. Strauss is a South German, without those defects of the Prussian temperament which must have destroyed his art.

And yet he has worked himself out. Is it because materialism has corrupted the very source and fount of his inspiration? It might seem so, for his niggardliness, his astute bargaining have become proverbial.

XUM

The parsimony of a man with such comparative wealth, an artist above all, is amazing. No musician is more tenacious in exacting the utmost from his royalties, more astute in investing his fortune. He exploits his art like a commercial magnate. Is not the decline of his inspiration symptomatic of a degeneration in the national soul? The Germany of his earlier productions had many elements of strength, nobility even, which it lost. The period which followed the humbling of France was deeply coloured with crudely materialistic ambition, yet there were phases of the national ambition that were really noble. Of these Strauss was the supreme exponent. In the thundering diapasons of his music the New Germany spoke. It was bold but brave, ambitious but strong.

But pride consumed Germany, and she began to worship Force as Force. So Strauss began to esteem noise as noise. His music had trumpeted forth the New Germany; it began to bang and clatter and howl, at intervals to tinkle-tinkle, the Germany that made the war. Once he almost redeemed himself—by "Rosenkavalier," with its wonderful artistry. But the theme was decadent. It was a false glow of inspiration, the hectic flush, the morbidly beautiful fancy of a sick man—in parts no more than a waltz for "The Merry Widow" or some "tuneful" street-organ ditty.

But "Electra" was but an uproar, an agglomeration of thematic lunacies. During a general rehearsal at the Royal Opera at Dresden, he rushed down the central aisle, shouting to the conductor to stop. Madame Schumann-Heink as Clytemnestra was struggling with a terrific aria, and the orchestra were perspiringly working their hardest. "Louder! Louder!" shrieked Strauss, "I can still hear the singing!" A symbol surely of the debasement of the German spirit—this tall, gaunt man with straggling hair, pseudo-Beethovenesque, shrieking at the Dresden Opera for noise, noise to drown all melody, and believing that to crack the tympanum is to create veritably sublime music.

"La Légende de Joseph" was Strauss's mode of tinkle-tinkling forth the Germany of 1914. He confessed with puerile pride that the *leitmotif* of "Electra" came to him while playing the national card game of *Skat*. "La Légende" apparently came to him while tapping the glasses on a café table. Its cleverness is indubitable. There are not many in this country with sufficient mastery of the sheer technique of composition to produce it. But its spirit is corrupt, the appearance of truth and strength concealing false imitation of simplicity, meretricious glitter of pretty phrases.

The tragedy of Richard Strauss is a phase of the tragedy of Germany, the rejection of conventionalities degenerating into pursuit of the merely bizarre, the worship of strength into the worship of brute force, seeking to conceal crude violence beneath tricky *Kultur*.

"THE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS": A TONE POEM ON BUNYAN.*

Every one who writes—every one, indeed, who speaks—must recall moments when their minds have suddenly been confronted, as it were, by a brick wall, as they realised that language was powerless to express directly the thing they desired to say. Many are the blessings that have been heaped, at such crises, on the head of the man who first thought of that form of mental cross-reference which we call Analogy. And in no branch of life has analogy proved a greater boon than amongst the fine arts. By it the painter is enabled to speak of the tone of his colour, the musician of the colour of his tone; and the *locus classicus* is the story of the man, born blind, who was asked what idea the word "scarlet" brought to his mind. The answer triumphantly justified artistic analogy, once and for all: "It is like the sound of a trumpet."

Photo by French & Co., Wallington. **Mr. Ernest Austin.**

To Mr. Ernest Austin, a composer of widely-recognised distinction and zeal, occurred the epic idea of embodying Bunyan's great classic in sound; and before me lies "The Pilgrim's Progress: Narrative Tone Poem for Organ," in twelve books containing 264 pages, a work in which the only help given to the instrument is by a choir (optional) which, at the end, may sing the one word "Alleluia."

The task the composer set himself was, as must be obvious, a colossal one. It is an almost unbearable strain on the possibilities of analogy, an almost hopeless demand on the fount of inspiration, an almost cruel call, even if the twelve books be played singly, on the concentration of the listener. Whether these difficulties have been overcome is, of course, a question involving a critical estimate of the music, *qua* music, which would be out of place in these columns. It will be enough to say that the work is modern, thoughtful, often of symphonic calibre, frequently beautiful and always of fine craftsmanship. But it is in the harnessing of Bunyan, rather than in the technique of the music, that readers of THE BOOKMAN will find their interest.

Of necessity the work is programme-music pure and simple; a fact which, in spite of Dr. Douglas Tayler's preface, needs no apology whatever. Practically every page has one or more verbal sign-posts to tell us where we are. Frequently these are well chosen, and clearly give the cue for the emotional tinge in the music that follows. No listener, for instance, need be an expert musician to realise how the opening theme portrays "the desolation and unhappiness of Pilgrim's mind," and how, at the end, when "the Pilgrims watch the Hosts of Heaven passing before them in procession," the glittering pageantry is reflected in the music—which, curiously, marches to five-in-a-bar. Personally, I feel a little less happy when "He feels the weight of his burden" is followed by thick chords *maestoso ponderoso*; and when "He wept and trembled" I had some shudders of anticipation which the music, when it came, did not prove quite unjustifiable.

It is plain, however, that programme-music cannot escape its limitations and dangers. If the heavy burden and the tears are left alone, then a link in the narrative is lost; if they are dealt with, even momentarily, they must needs be *ponderoso* and *appasionato*. What is not so generally recognised is, that "absolute music" has its corresponding banalities. Many musicians are now bold enough to confess that their pleasure in a Beethoven quartet is ruined by the mechanical and obvious scaffolding which is called its "form." And a man may reasonably prefer to risk, in programme-music, the possible triteness

* "The Pilgrim's Progress." By Ernest Austin. Parts 1–7, 2s. each; Parts 9–11, 2s. 6d. each; Parts 8 and 12, 3s. each. (Larway.)

of an idea, rather than suffer, in absolute music, the assured boredom of prearranged structure.

Much as I would like to think the work will "come off" in performance—and this is, all said and done, the acid test of all music—I fear there is one rock on which it will split. The composer, it is true, amply annotates his pages—the annotations, indeed, read from beginning to end give a very fair précis of Bunyan—and it is also true that these annotations are meant to be printed in a programme. But supposing that an organist made the experiment of playing Part 8 to any audience in the world, how many, I wonder, could hold their attention and follow even half-way through the thirty-four pages? They begin where Pilgrim and Faithful hear the call, and carry the story, with twenty annotations, to the point where Faithful is carried up in the chariot. Even were the twenty printed headings in one's hand, with hints as to the length of each section, how many of us would be prepared to wager we knew when, say, section twelve began?

It is possible, however, that Mr. Austin may retort that this is one of the musical points which I vowed to leave alone. That granted, I will congratulate him on the sincere and sustained fulfilment of a task so pregnant that it might have lured, so limitless that it might have daunted, the greatest and most courageous of composers.

PERCY C. BUCK, M.A., Mus.Doc.(Oxon).

A MIXED BUNCH.*

If variety be the spice of life the existence of the song reviewer, confronted with the strange diversity of publishers' bundles and the necessity of criticising the most variegated selections in one notice, should be a gay one. The thirteen songs at present to be considered provide a merry puzzle in classification. The homeliest flowers in the bunch are certainly Mr. Percy Kahn's "Song Memories." This title is more exact than the composer probably intended, for his five songs call to mind an endless procession of their kind—those melodious, innocuous songs about gardens and "mem'ries." To those who like such things, and do not mind an occasional sustained preposition on the penultimate note, these will be welcome. They are vocally grateful, sufficiently effective and have music which is at least as good as the words.

The next two, both American, are rather more advanced. Bryceson Treharne's "Pickaninny," a plantation song with a pleasant touch of wistful fancy, will please light-voiced baritones and tenors, and R. Huntingdon Woodman's "Eternal Love," sopranos and tenors of the robuster sort. This semi-sacred song is soundly constructed, with an accompaniment which is telling though a little stodgy in its reiterated quaver chords. The most probable deterrent to its popularity is the price. Two shillings for a two-page ballad is excessive.

A more considerable advance marks the songs of Felix White and Phœbe Wynn Johnson, both composers having given themselves an occasion by choosing good lyrics and risen to it with music which catches their spirit. In "Come, My Little Children" and "The Piper," Mr. White has set two of the new lyrics by R. L. Stevenson published in 1918. Both are dainty things and will need singers with imagination, in the first case mezzo-sopranos and in the second mezzos or baritones. Miss Johnson's "To an Isle in the Water" treats with suitable delicacy a winsome and characteristic lyric by W. B. Yeats. The result is a charming baritone or tenor song.

To the numerous discriminating singers who delight in the art of Roger Quilter his new work, "Three Pastoral Songs," will need no recommendation. As always, the composer has chosen words of intrinsic value, in this case

* "Song Memories." Five Songs by Percy B. Kahn. (Enoch.)—"Pickaninny." By Bryceson Treharne. (Winthrop Rogers.)—"Eternal Love." By R. Huntingdon Woodman. (Rogers.)—"Come, my little Children" and "The Piper." By Felix White. (Chappell.)—"To an Isle in the Water." By Phœbe Wynn Johnson. (Chappell.)—"Three Pastoral Songs." By Roger Quilter. (Elkin.)

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by Joseph Campbell. It is interesting to watch Mr. Quilter ranging through the centuries, selecting the finest lyrics of Shakespeare, Herrick, Blake, and now of a modern poet, and with an almost uniform success adding to them music which is peculiarly similar and yet devoid of mannerism or self-repetition. In their original form and key the "Pastorals" are designed for baritone voice with the additional interest of an accompaniment for violin, 'cello and piano. There are also editions for tenor voice and with piano only. The first, "I will go with my Father a-ploughing," might have been treated in a broad and robust style. Mr. Quilter more subtly prefers to emphasise throughout the quieter mood of the last lines, in which the wren sings to weary reapers in the heat of the sun. The song holds the broad tranquillity of seaside uplands and is of a reticent beauty that lingers in the mind. "Cherry Valley" breathes the same quietness:

"The low moon is looking through
The glimmer of the honey dew.
A petal trembles to the grass,
The feet of fairies pass and pass."

The last, "I wish and I wish," offers an effective contrast. It is a light and whimsical setting of three short-lined verses rather in the style of de la Mare in their pensive fantasy. Altogether the book is one to be bought in haste and enjoyed at leisure, preferably with the string parts.

RODNEY BENNETT.

STREAKS OF LIFE*.

In this volume Dr. Ethel Smyth collects various papers that can scarcely be said to have any connection but that given by the dauntless personality of the author. She was ever a fighter! The longest and most interesting essay happens to be the least subjective and the least musical. It is a series of reflections and comments on that *femme fatale*, the late Empress Eugénie, who was Dr. Smyth's neighbour and friend. Here we have a real character study, excellently done, of a woman almost unexampled in these drab, modern days for her charm and her effect upon the history of Europe. Dr. Smyth's paper is excellently written. It hasn't a trace of the sickly and sickening humbug that usually accompanies accounts of royalty *intime*. Another paper describing the composer's troubles in getting her Mass performed gives us some very plain and highly interesting glimpses of the late Queen Victoria, one as a simple, uncomfortably hardy, homely person, and another as an equally uncomfortable Personage, every little inch of her. Still a third crowned head glitters in these pages—the eagle-helmeted Lohengrin of the North, now fallen and abject, pointing a moral, even though he does not specially adorn any sort of tale. The paper in which the ex-Kaiser appears is a long and interesting account of the composer's struggle to get her opera, "*Der Wald*," produced in Berlin. A more technical and rather less clear essay discusses the "great opera fiasco." It is dated July, 1920, but the "fiasco" of 1920 is a "fiascone" now, for, as far as we know, the summer season of 1921 will see the Royal Opera, Covent Garden, with closed doors—closed to opera, at least. That is one of the privileges of living in this happily governed island. The volume contains as well a review of that lovely book, "Mount Music," by those great "Irish R.M." ladies, and a couple of other papers that we think hardly worth reprinting. Dr. Smyth has given us a volume of rich and varied interest, with enough about music in it to interest the musical, but not enough to disturb anybody else.

* "Streaks of Life." By Ethel Smyth, Mus.Dcc. 10s. 6d. (Longmans.)

NOTES ON NEW MUSIC.

MODERN MELODIES. A Collection of Pianoforte Pieces. (Alfred Lengnick.)

This collection of favourite Pieces by composers such as E. T. Davies, Rudolf Friml, Carl Bohm, Stepân Esipoff, etc., should prove an acceptable album to all who desire pieces not too difficult nor yet too easy.

LITTLE YVETTE. Words by Fred Weatherly. Music by Hadyn Wood. (Chappell.)

A song that should prove very popular with all who love an ear-haunting chorus.

The Drama.

SHAKESPEARE FOR SHAKESPEARE'S SAKE. IN PRAISE OF THE "OLD VIC."

By S. R. LITTLEWOOD.

Photo by Russell. **Miss Lilian Baylis.**

WHAT is the secret of the "Old Vic."? Why is it that directly one has passed those tawdry portals one is conscious that here, as nowhere else, is the true Shakespearean enthusiasm. Here, in that homely old slum-playhouse, is the glow of genuine gratitude, not for peculiarly comfortable seats, not for any satisfied curiosity over picture-paper fame, not for ingenuity of perversion, or splendour of spectacle, but for the truth and beauty of Shakespeare himself.

Quite apart from its broad achievement, the mere fact that the "Old Vic.", thanks to Miss Lilian Baylis's indomitable courage, kept the banner of Shakespeare flying even in the war, would alone consecrate it as a classic theatre. The splendid work, too, that it has done for the children—though this did not develop till Mr. Ben Greet's time, and is no longer smiled upon by the L.C.C.—is in itself a monument. Even as things are, how many young Shakespeareans have already grown up at the "Old Vic.", with Shakespeare's wit, wisdom, fancy and speech as part of their lives!

Just now, however, there is something more than all this in the "Old Vic." A change well worth noting has happened with the arrival of Mr. Robert Atkins as "producer." It has done so very largely through Mr. Atkins's discovery of the value of that long-neglected and, at times, even despised possession of the "Old Vic."—its "apron"-stage. Until Mr. Atkins came, nothing to any purpose had been done with the yard or two of knubbly old timber which still stretches out in front of the "Old Vic." proscenium, and is a bequest from the days when the theatre was built, just over a century ago.

By his judicious use of it Mr. Atkins has been able to make the "Old Vic." a scene of enlightenment, not merely to "popular" audiences, but to the whole Shakespearean world—a living example of good and wise staging.

Photo by F. A. Bailey. **Mr. Robert Atkins.**

This is an entirely new thing, and one which cannot be emphasised too much. In the old days we used to praise the "Old Vic." just because it was doing a noble educational work. Now we have got beyond that. While Shakespearean pedants are arguing this way and that about methods of production, Mr. Atkins is quietly solving the riddle. Folk may differ about other matters, but in the playing of Shakespeare for Shakespeare's sake it is absolutely essential that the scenes should follow and dovetail into each other as Shakespeare meant. The little scenes must be on the "apron" in front, the big scenes on the main stage, and the "peep-shows" behind all. Without this arrangement it is impossible even to follow Shakespeare's text. Hence, for faithful work, there has to be an "apron"-stage, unless one can endure a perpetual drawing of curtains.

Here is the practical truth upon which Mr. Atkins has built. At the same time, he has brought back from the war to Shakespearean production a large sanity. He does not treat his "Old Vic." friends to any fads. Very rightly he allows of a certain amount of scenic beauty, where this does not interfere with the sequence of scenes or with the value of Shakespeare's descriptions. There is, as a matter of fact, a great deal of bunkum talked about imagination. Roughly you can expect out of an audience only a certain percentage of what has been put in. They cannot imagine what they do not know. For us who have seen spectacular productions till we are tired of them, and who have a rough notion what Cæsarean Rome or Elizabethan England looked like, a bare-board Shakespeare is all that is needed. But an audience who know nothing can "imagine" less. Moreover, we have always to remember that a modern audience have this disadvantage as against Shakespeare's. They have not only to transform "this cockpit" into "the vasty fields of France," but to get themselves back three hundred years to imagine even the "cockpit"! So, for interiors—"blasted heaths" and enchanted isles remaining much what they were in Shakespeare's time—Mr. Atkins has been very careful over his charm of scene and lore of costume. Simple though everything has to be—for the "Old Vic." is still poor—some of his scenes have been among the most beautiful to be found on our stage anywhere. Juliet's bedroom, for instance, had something of Carpaccio's St. Ursula about it.

It has been a great joy also to notice how the acting of the company has improved—very largely on account of that "apron." The "Old Vic." players are learning to address the audience, which is the essence of Shakespearean acting, instead of always talking sideways in a picture. Congratulations to gentle Miss Mary Sumner, and to Miss Florence Saunders, who is getting to look more and more like Siddons, and fast overcoming the faults that have hitherto qualified further comparison. Then there is Mr. Rupert Harvey (so brave a Falconbridge); Mr. Ernest Milton, whose fantasy can range from Berowne to Shylock; Mr. Andrew Leigh, the oversympathetic and intelligent "fool" and, far from least, Mr. Atkins himself, who makes somewhat too boisterous a noble Roman, but is a glorious Sir Toby, and put such memorable strength into his Caliban and his Lear.

I cannot help fancying that in time to come, when posterity will have forgotten all about certain current West End plays, the toils and triumphs of this band of brothers—and sisters—at the "Old Vic." will be recalled just as Phelps's reign at Sadlers Wells is now. They will be talked of, not with meaningless awe, but with love and thankfulness, by a generation which will have owed to them the happiest of all debts.

THE SCOTTISH NATIONAL PLAYERS.

The Scottish Repertory Theatre closed its doors in 1914, and serious dramatic effort in the north was necessarily in abeyance during the war years. But that the impulse towards higher theatrical standards did not perish in the flood of music-and-girl frivolities is proven by the recent successful efforts of the Scottish National Players—a band of amateurs who, under the auspices of the Saint Andrew Society, are striving against considerable odds to establish firmly a real repertory movement on national lines. This company has now submitted its second series of plays to Glasgow audiences. The pieces performed were "The Philosopher of Butterbiggins," by the late Harold Chapin, a delicate little comedy of Glasgow life; "The Mother," by George Blake, a piece of stark realism in a modern Hebridean setting; and "The Bailie's Nominee," by David Martin, an amusing satire on Scots municipal election practices. Produced by Mr. Andrew P. Wilson, late of the Abbey Theatre, Dublin, the plays were capably rendered by the amateurs, of whom the names of Miss Elliot Mason and Miss Belina Miller, and Messrs. Graham, Buchanan, Struan, Robertson, and H. C. Stark will be specially remembered. It is the intention of the Players to submit a series of productions next winter and, perhaps, to send fit-up companies on propaganda tours through outlying districts.

TWO SCOTTISH PLAYS: "The Mother." By George Blake. 1s. (Glasgow: Wilson.)—"The Philosopher of Butterbiggins." By Harold Chapin. 1s. (Gowans & Gray.)

Both these plays are of Scottish peasant life, but there all similarity between them ends. Mr. Blake has a story to tell; superficially a story that is simple enough, but it touches heights and depths of human love and human error, and from the humdrum of homely, everyday experiences his two scenes pass inexorably into most poignant tragedy, always with the natural, wistful ambition of old Calum Gillespie to add to the pity of it all. The characters are very ably drawn, the dialogue and the movement, quickening to the close, handled with great skill. One is not surprised to hear that "The Mother" met with a wholly appreciative reception when it was produced last month by the Scottish National Players. Harold Chapin's "Philosopher of Butterbiggins" is the slightest and lightest of comedies. It is the merest incident of a very old man and his small grandchild pitting their wills against the dogged obstinacy of the child's mother and driving her to surrender. A little comedy of the fireside that is cleverly, neatly and whimsically developed in one short act.

HAMLET AND THE SCOTTISH SUCCESSION. By Lilian Winstanley. 10s. net. (Cambridge University Press.)

So far as is known the first edition of "Hamlet" bearing Shakespeare's name was published in 1603, followed in the succeeding year by a second edition "newly imprinted and enlarged to almost as much again as it was, according to the true and perfect Coppie." An interesting reprint of these two quartos with the texts printed on opposite pages was issued by Messrs. Sampson Low, Son & Co., in 1860, from the original quartos in the possession of the Duke of Devonshire. When Shakespeare wrote his tragedy is somewhat uncertain, but it has been conjectured that the date was the year 1601, or thereabouts. This was the time when public attention was concentrated on the Essex conspiracy and the Scottish succession, and Miss Winstanley's book has been written with the object of endeavouring to show the relation of the drama, or its possible relation, to contemporary history. It is not the first time that this theory has been suggested. So far back as 1796 James Plumtre wrote his "Observations on Hamlet and the Motives which induced Shakespeare to fix on the story of Amleth," and in the following year an appendix to it was printed, "being an attempt to prove that Shakespeare designed that tragedy as an indirect censure on Mary Queen of Scots." Then in 1885 George Macdonald published an edition of "Hamlet," in which he attempted to prove that the character of the Prince was based on that of the Earl of Essex. Miss Winstanley's theory is that Shakespeare fused into Hamlet characteristics of both James I and Essex, that the murder of Hamlet's father thinly veiled that of James's father, Darnley; that by Claudius the Globe audience was to be reminded of Bothwell; that Polonius was intended for Burleigh, and so on. The writer has produced a most interesting monograph which will doubtless be eagerly discussed. On the whole a very good case has been made out for her theory, but in some of the details she has, we think, overstepped the limits of probability. Emphasis is laid on the fact that in our current criticism too little consideration has been had to the particular angle of vision from which the play would naturally be regarded by an Elizabethan audience.

FOR THE ABBEY THEATRE.

"When beggars die, there are no comets seen"—but is the beggars' death less tragic?

To-day in Ireland great powers are in mortal conflict. For the protagonists there is limelight—but outside its fringes the small fry, caught up in vortices of the main struggle, fight for life. Such is the Abbey Theatre; after a long and honourable career (it is the oldest of existing repertories) it is compelled by the new curfew order to close its doors; yet full or empty, it has its rents to face, its debts to pay; failing this, for want of a few hundred pounds, it must become extinct. Last month a special matinee of three Abbey plays was given in aid of the old theatre, with some original players in the cast. Mr. Lennox Robinson now announces a series of four lectures with the same good object, to be delivered at 213, King's Road, S.W., on the four Thursdays of May. Full details may be had from Mr. Robinson at the Ambassadors. Mr. Yeats himself will give the first lecture on May 5th; subject—"The Irish Theatre."

A great theme, surely! In 1904 the new-born Irish National Theatre Society moved to its present quarters from the Molesworth Hall; pioneered by Mr. Yeats and Lady Gregory, helped generously by Miss Horniman, with a fine school of players brought up on the work of Mr. Yeats and the late J. M. Synge, it drew all lovers of good plays and acting to its banner, both at home and in London. But it did more than this; as time passed, the Abbey became an institution; never one of your cold, impersonal, commercial theatres, it had a spirit of its own which seemed to unite its workers in a common loyalty. There was a green-room like a studio, warm and light, where one could gossip between acts, study lines uninterrupted by rehearsal, or after the last curtain play cards till far into the dawn. To the present writer, at least, the grey old building on the quays is full of memories—of Synge, with his fierce laughter; of Lady Gregory, inexorable, throned in its green-room like Elizabeth in the Hall of Song, while one by one reluctant actors strove self-consciously before her for the invidious honour of rendering, unaccompanied, the snatch of folk-song which a new play must contain; of Fred O'Donovan, greatest of ex-Playboys, reading to a hushed company the first script of "The Lost Leader," one April day; of Kerrigan, sometime Tramp in the "Shadow of the Glen," who in the "Dreamers" of Lennox Robinson played three parts, all Dubliners, yet each with a distinctive accent; of old Paddy, prince of property men, dispatched hot-foot from making a stuffed fish to scour quayside pawnshops for a portrait of Gladstone; of Mr. Bernard Shaw, grimly benevolent, but adamant against the diminution of "Blanco Posnet" by a single oath.

Eheu fugaces . . .! They are worth preservation, the old memories. Successful, these four lectures may forestall catastrophe—and for once, thank Heaven, enjoyment is not incompatible with a good cause.

GRAHAM SUTTON.

THE HEART OF A CHILD. By Frank Danby and G. Frankau, at the Kingsway.

A great many things—rather incompatible things—have gone to the making of "The Heart of a Child." The basis is good old Surrey melodrama; I looked anxiously for cabbages to be hurled at the villain who so basely plots to ruin an innocent ge-e-url. The girl would be intolerable if it were not that Miss Renee Kelly can make any part seem charming; but she never made the heroine seem plausible, either as the Cockney munition-worker or as the successful dancer. The rest of the cast struggled hard with the hopeless psychology and poor dialogue of a piece whose proper home was the Lyceum. Yet Mr. Frankau was not content with simple melodrama. He has added sidelights on smart society, foolish political gibes and cheap philosophy about love which made the play seem as insincere as it was unlifelike. It is a long time since I read Frank Danby's novel; but it is difficult to believe that it was as poor and thin as the play which her son has made out of it.

MAJOR BARBARA. By G. Bernard Shaw, at Everyman.

The second act of "Major Barbara" is certainly one of the best, if not the best, which Shaw ever wrote. His talent for rhetoric, his social anger, his genuine philanthropy, have fine play in it, and are mingled with the human comedy, ironic and humane, of Cusins and Barbara, of Undershaft, Snobby Price and Rummy Mitchell. The Hampstead Company are at their best, too, in this act. Their production of the play does not rank with that of "The Doctor's Dilemma" or "You Never Can Tell," although Miss Massingham as Major Barbara gives a very memorable and beautiful performance: she is truly Lady Britomart's daughter, converted, a kind of Salvationist Manning. Mr. Nicholas Hennen is quite unsuited to play Undershaft. He has neither the force nor the fanaticism of that bigoted maker of cannons: his sympathetic voice is singularly out of keeping with Undershaft's sardonic humour. This Andrew might have been called "Andy-Pandy" by his men: he would never have been called "Mephistopheles" by his son-in-law. As Cusins, Mr. Aylmer did his best: but he too often seemed to be remembering his words rather than acting his part, a charge which is true of some other members of the company, who forget that Shaw is essentially a romantic rhetorician, like Wilde, not a realist like Ibsen. The long speeches should be declaimed, not spoken conversationally. Mr. Banks is almost too intelligent to make a perfect Stephen; but he did very well with that ungrateful part; and Mr. Scott was excellent as Snobby, except that he should restrain his tendency to step-dance. Mr. Wills gains new laurels with every part he attempts—his Shirley was a worthy pendant to Miss Clare Greet's incomparable Rummy. We hope the Shaw season will continue—it would be wonderful if Miss Craig could persuade Miss Ellen Terry to give us a revival of Lady Cecily.

R. E. R.

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